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Vol. CLXXXIX
No. 2468
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
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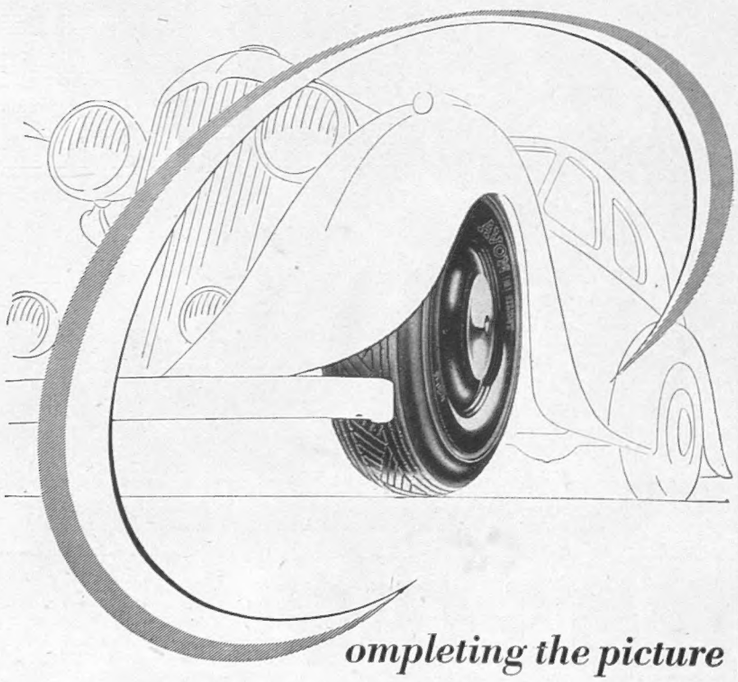

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Volume CLXXXIX No. 2468 The SPHERE, London, May 24, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE MANHATTAN AIR RAID MISFIRES—SUPER-FORTRESSES FLYING OVER THE SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK IN A MOCK ATTACK DESIGNED TO DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF THE U.S. BOMBER FORCE: As a spectacle the raid was a failure owing to a breakdown in timing

What was supposed to be the largest compact formation of Super-Fortresses ever flown, spanning an area of two square miles and with a total bomb capacity of 1,350 tons, appeared over New York last week. Many of the aircraft came from aerodromes in the Middle West, and as a result of an error in timing they did not appear over the city in the compact formation intended. The first four flights, about eighty planes in all, kept close formation, but five minutes later a lone Fortress, trying to make up time, came into view, to be followed twenty minutes later, when spectators had given up hope and gone indoors, by three straggling flights, thus completing a most unimpressive display. It was announced through the Press that the operation would be primarily one of timing, giving vital practice for the crews. Actually there must have been nearly 100 miles between the first and last planes

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

British Prestige. — A tremendous ovation greeted Mr. Churchill's Philippic on Socialist misrule, at Ayr. His audience were Scottish Unionists. The echo was heard and repeated in New York where the *N. Y. Times* demanded that the world should listen to the warnings of a great prophet who is the voice of Europe. Needless to say, there were in Ayr, in Scotland, in England, perhaps in America and civilisation, as many to condemn as to praise. That is a matter of course. All who applauded him would agree that this is Mr. Churchill's métier—the grand manner, the broad stage—not brawling with Shinwell in the wings. Most who applauded will endorse all he said of the ruinous path of spendthrift finance and of the crater edge to which it leads us. Some who applauded may pause to ask themselves how much of this lamentable decline in British prestige and influence abroad is due to Socialist mismanagement of foreign policy, and how much to evitable commitments now falling due and to the ravages of world war. In many lands our prestige seems to have fallen and still to fall. There is no means yet available to measure this intangible thing. It is certainly undesirable that any Briton who loves his country should bruit abroad the notion of our decline in prestige. And yet it *is* being done every day in one of two ways by pundits of all parties. Some preface their words with " Those who declare that Britain to-day is down and out or only a second-class power . . . " and then proceed to deny it and to uphold their faith in Britain rising again. Others, like Mr. Churchill, take our decline as a fact and charge it all to Socialist misrule. To be quite honest, I do not know which method is most likely to convince the outside world that Britain is as great as ever . . . or *in extremis*. It may be, of course, that there are some subjects on which the less said, the better.

Industrial Charter. — Mr. Butler's Conservative Committee has issued the new Charter on which the Conservative Party will fight the next General Election and presumably any interim by-elections. It comes out after the Jarrow result, at a time when hopes of an early Conservative comeback are once more checked. But let me say at once that as a party programme it strikes me as head and shoulders above the run of such documents, and connotes much clear thinking and the gripping of hard facts, and is indeed entitled to be described as admirable and statesmanlike, rather than as shrewd and party strategical. I live in a Conservative last ditch and very rarely " meet a Socialist " on the village green or in the country lanes and fields or in the county town. But Tory last ditches are still small and rare oases in England, and Jarrow seemed to declare that those who put Attlee and Co. in are not yet discontented with their bargain; and more, are prepared to swallow controls and restrictions and bureaucratic slavery for the chance of cashing still the bulk of the election promises of 1945. And that is not so surprising if one considers how very narrow is the average man's view of economic laws.

Still in the Future? — We are all agreed in wanting more food and houses. There may be better ways of getting houses. There may be less wasteful and more efficient ways of securing such food as there is, but only Nature, not supermen, can restore an adequate supply. I fear that no new Conservative Charter will swing the pendulum so long as it must walk delicately and skate lightly and vaguely over such vital controversial points as past and future nationalisation, trades unions and the closed shop, monopolies and cartels, retrogressive legislation, control of materials by industry or the State; and, as it seems to me at present, any such charter must give an unequivocal pledge that there will be no restoration to what was called Management, Capitalism or Privilege of powers and privileges recently removed. That is not *my* political view, but I fancy it is the view which still counts to-day. Mr. Attlee's team may well destroy themselves. But if they now receive from Fate a share of good luck and favourable winds, if they drop party propaganda at every turn and give lip service to justice for *all*, if they avoid quarrelling among themselves, if Cripps' sermons and moral saws do not drive the whole nation to revolt from sheer boredom, then, I fear, the new Conservative Charter can be put away in a drawer for some time to come. And when some younger blood and newer ideas have, by the process of time, come to the top of the Conservative pot, it can be pulled out again and revised and perhaps used with effect. But I am a numbskull political prophet and I hope to find myself wearing one more fool's-cap in a reasonably short time.

ACQUITTED BY THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL, INDICTED AND CONVICTED BY THE GERMAN PEOPLE—DR. HJALIMIR SCHACHT, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSBANK AND HITLER'S FINANCIAL WIZARD, EATS A SIMPLE MEAL AND IS AT THE SAME TIME INTERVIEWED BY THE PRESS AFTER HIS TRIAL AT STUTTGART: Dr. Schacht, as a major offender under the de-nazification laws, is to receive eight years' detention in a labour camp, and he thus shares the fate of Von Papen and Fritsche, the other two German leaders who were acquitted at Nuremberg and then sentenced by their own countrymen. Included in the sentence is the usual confiscation of property and loss of civil rights. The years he has spent in prison since being captured will count as part of Schacht's sentence

London Traffic Control.— The Government has moved at last (and with promise of a strong hand) to try to ease the intolerable conditions of London's traffic. As always, public clamour, tardily heard, provides the motive force. The scandal of Bond Street alone during the last months was enough to make the pavements of London rise and mutiny. It has been go-as-you-please with a vengeance. How odd it is that those in power are such nuts at planning where planning hamstrings human efforts and stands aloof where planning is obviously demanded and clamoured for. Who could estimate what that scandal of Bond Street (one out of a hundred instances) has cost in mental strain, in loss of time, in swelling the national sense of frustration and lack of leadership? The crawlers and the waiters are once more, as in wartime, to be banned from the chief streets of Central London and the City, too, generally between 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. on week-days. On the maps which illustrate the Order, the importance of my choice, Bond Street, is clearly seen. It and Charing Cross Road have long been the N.-S. connecting bottle-necks between the two main trunks East and West, Oxford Street and Piccadilly. Piccadilly is spared from the Order only where it is wide, and so is the Strand. But Oxford Street is only spared where it merges into Bayswater. It will be very interesting indeed to observe the results at the end of May. There remains the question of parking space. The built-up areas cannot provide what is necessary; mechanically-controlled parks cannot come in a year or five years. The open spaces remain. A century or more ago, it was said, it would have " cost three crowns " to close the parks to the public and make Green Park or St. James's Park a part of the Royal Gardens. The time has surely come to implement that principle realistically. The Mall is wide. Over against the wall of Marlborough House and Carlton Terrace runs a side-walk once used by tittupping horsemen. It would accommodate in three neat rows many thousands of private cars, without affecting the dignity and ease of the Mall or the approaches to the Palace. On garden-party days the proof of this truth may be observed. Why not every day of the year? The car presumably has " arrived " as a means of transport, and, as railway services decline, its importance increases. Every town, big or small, must make provision for it. The average motorist is thoroughly tired of being treated like a criminal in charge of an infernal machine.

Counting the Cost. — The sweet of the year has come and perhaps gone. Nothing is ever quite so lovely as a fine and abnormally hot fortnight in early May. Unfortunately, the sweet of the year is the time appropriate to paying the first instalment of the new rates and to filling in the forms of one's income tax liability. We begin to count the costs—a small instalment—of the blessings which are to come to us—one day. A highly educated nation, a nation provided free with everything which medical science can give, freedom from want in illness, unemployment and old age, and freedom from " burglarious entry " and other criminal assaults; water and light and even drains. For all these future blessings we pay, as usual, in advance. For 1947 our rates are up 24 per cent., and I believe we are still among the lucky ones. Still, it is a lot. My house when I bought it a decade back was rated at £54. To-day it is nearly £100, and what will it be by 1950? The costs of education and the police force to-day are both staggering. I believe it costs about £1,000 a year, all in, to maintain one constable, and for five years to come the County forces will be recruiting *as hard as they can*, in face of housing and personnel difficulties, to get up to *adequate* strength. I often think of that *lure* held out by building societies and others: " Own your own house and be *safe*." Say you obeyed the injunction in 1938, and put £5,000 into buying a house in some rural retreat, innocent of any public service amenities. You felt—good, easy man!—that you were pretty safe, at first, perhaps. But what, in fact, is your position ten years later? You are still without any public amenities. You must produce your own water, light and sanitation, and defend yourself against burglars and, for the crime of owning your house, you must pay up to £60 a year under Schedules A and B, and £100 a year for rates (not to speak of fantastic prices for repairing a few tiles or burst pipes). In other words, you lost the income on £5,000 in order to be " safe "; and you must pay away all that income and half again for the privilege of having sacrificed it to be " safe " as an owner. It costs money to enjoy the sweet of the year in the most rural retreat.

THE OLD STAGER

FIRE SWEEPS THROUGH AN OLD WORLD BEDFORDSHIRE VILLAGE: An aerial view of the devastation in Roxton, seven miles from Bedford, when a disastrous fire broke out last week-end rendering four families homeless and razing four cottages to the ground. A farm-implements shed, a garage and two cars were also destroyed. Most of the 600 villagers took part in the fire-fighting operations

FIRES

IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE AND AT NEW YORK'S PLEASURE GROUND

What Happened at Roxton and Coney Island

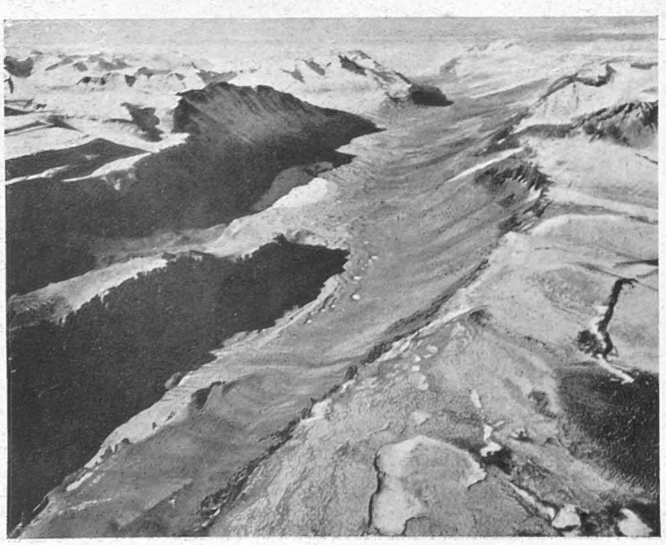
The little Bedfordshire village of Roxton was involved in an hour of breath-taking drama last week-end when at dawn villagers dashed along the little main street rousing all who were asleep and shouting "The village is on fire." Nearly all the 600 inhabitants of Roxton, without waiting to get properly dressed, immediately went into action, the men running for ladders and buckets and the women attempting to clear the thatched cottages of furniture. Although sparks fell throughout the village area and the flames and heat were terrific, the villagers managed to confine the blaze and all Roxton breathed a sigh of relief at the narrowness of the escape from complete disaster. Another big fire took place at New York's Coney Island, where forty-five firemen and civilians were overcome by fumes as they fought against a blaze which ravaged a section of the fun fair

AFTERMATH AT CONEY ISLAND—NEW YORK'S CELEBRATED AMUSEMENT CENTRE WHERE A FOUR-HOUR BLAZE OVERCAME MANY OF THE FIRE-FIGHTERS: A view of some of the damaged properties on the morning after the disaster. Nine buildings were affected, including most of the amusement concessions. New York's Fire Commissioner, Mr. Frank Quayle, described the dense black smoke which developed in the area as the thickest in his experience, and doctors and nurses had to be rushed from nearby Brooklyn Hospital to deal with the many firemen and volunteers who were overcome by the fumes

New Light on THE ANTARCTIC ANDES

New Mountain Peaks Discovered by Admiral Byrd

PROBABLY NEVER BEFORE BEHELD BY MAN: An aerial view taken on one of the reconnaissance flights from the Little America base by Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition, which recently returned to the United States bringing news of remarkable discoveries on the Antarctic Continent. These mountains, lying between Graham Land and the Queen Maud Range, confirm the existence of an Antarctic Andes which has long been suspected and is thought to be a natural extension of the South American Andes. Some of the peaks are at least 15,000 ft. in height



RANGE UPON RANGE OF LOFTY PEAKS IN THE ANTARCTIC ANDES: Another impressive picture brought back by the Byrd expedition, which has shed so much new light upon the topography of the Antarctic Continent. The expedition reported many peaks swept almost clear of snow

A TABLE MOUNTAIN RISES AMID THE SOUTH POLAR WASTES—A MASSIVE BARRIER BRINGS FURTHER EVIDENCE TO PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF AN ANTARCTIC CHAIN: An impressive aerial view looking across the south polar plateau towards a range towering to a height over 10,000 ft. In all, Admiral Byrd's planes made aerial photographs of 1,700,000 square miles of the Antarctic Continent, and the two most important findings were these hitherto unknown peaks and the Antarctic ice-free oases, in the region of the Knox coast and Ingred Christensen Land, illustrated in a recent issue of "The Sphere." Sir Douglas Mawson, the celebrated explorer, many times advanced the view that there was a continuous chain of mountains running from Graham Land across the Great Polar Plateau, and it would seem that Admiral Byrd and his men have now given the world important confirmation

THE GERMAN CRISIS

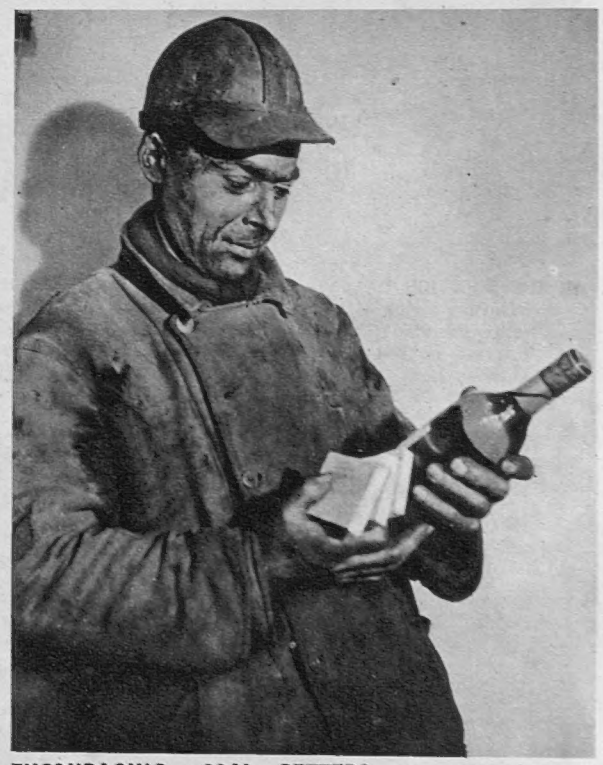
Three Aspects of the Problem Now Confronting the Allies

BRITISH ZONE CHIEFS IN LONDON—HERE TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEMS OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FUSION IN GERMANY AND THE GERMAN FOOD CRISIS: Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas (centre), Military Governor of the British Zone; Lieut.-General Sir Brian Robertson (left), Deputy Military Governor; and Sir Cecil Weir, economic expert to the Control Commission, seen on arrival at Northolt Airport. As a result of negotiations in London and Washington, the pressing needs of the German people, which have been emphasised by Sir Sholto during his visit to London, are to be met from American wheat resources. It has been arranged that the British and American Zones in Germany are to receive 456,000 tons of grain in the month of July. With a bumper American wheat harvest now almost assured, this high-level export allocation is feasible, but Britain will have to forgo certain imports temporarily

NEW INDICTMENTS AT NUREMBERG—THE TWENTY-FOUR MOST SENIOR OFFICIALS OF I. G. FARBEN INDUSTRIE FACE CHARGES OF WAR CRIMINALITY: White-haired August von Knieriem, former chairman of Farben's Patent Committee, and Fritz Meer (right), former chief of Farben's Technical Advisory Committee, being interviewed in the Defence Information Centre at Nuremberg. They had just been presented with the 10,000-word indictment which the United States Military Tribunal is bringing against them, and they were also given information with regard to legal aid at the trial. The indictment states that officials of I. G. Farben had, through cartel arrangements, prevented U.S. concerns from shipping vital supplies to Britain. The defendants are also accused of making active war preparations

THE START OF A DAY'S SHIFT IN THE RUHR MINES: A miner receives his lamp before going underground. He is typical of the young men now being recruited

NEW RECRUITS GO DOWN THE MINE: Five volunteers about to enter the shaft at the start of their first day's work following a period of intensive training



ENCOURAGING COAL-GETTERS — A MINER WITH THREE PACKETS OF CIGARETTES AND A BOTTLE OF SCHNAPPS, SOME OF THE SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO THOSE WHO GO DOWN THE PITS: This encouragement of the miners has had a marked effect upon production in the American Zone, and now it is being tried out in the British Zone. The local corn-whisky of Westphalia and the celebrated Steinhager gin are hard to come by these days, while cigarettes may cost as much as 3s. 6d. each on the black market. Another inducement being held out to young volunteers in the pits is special accommodation, the men being offered well-furnished bed-sitting-rooms in former barrack buildings

SPRINGTIME IN THE LAND OF JOHN BUNYAN—A SCENE OF QUIET BEAUTY AT SILSOE, BEDFORDSHIRE, A VILLAGE ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM LUTON TO BEDFORD: The plum and pear blossom are in all their glory, giving promise of a bumper fruit-crop when autumn harvesting comes along

"The SWEET of the YEAR"

Springtime Sheds Its Glory Upon the English Countryside

England, emerging from the ordeal of a grim winter, has been blessed with a particularly favourable spring, and this year the blossom in Kent, the garden of England, and in many parts of the Home Counties is truly magnificent. London's parks, too, have presented a scene of springtime splendour not equalled for eight or more years, and the tulip display in St. James's Park has fittingly enough coincided with the Royal homecoming. For the farmers spring 1947 is a time of acute anxiety. Long days and evenings have been spent in overtime, ensuring the planting of the crops and making up for the delays occasioned by a bitterly harsh winter. In many of the country districts Rogation Day prayers have been asked for this vital harvest.

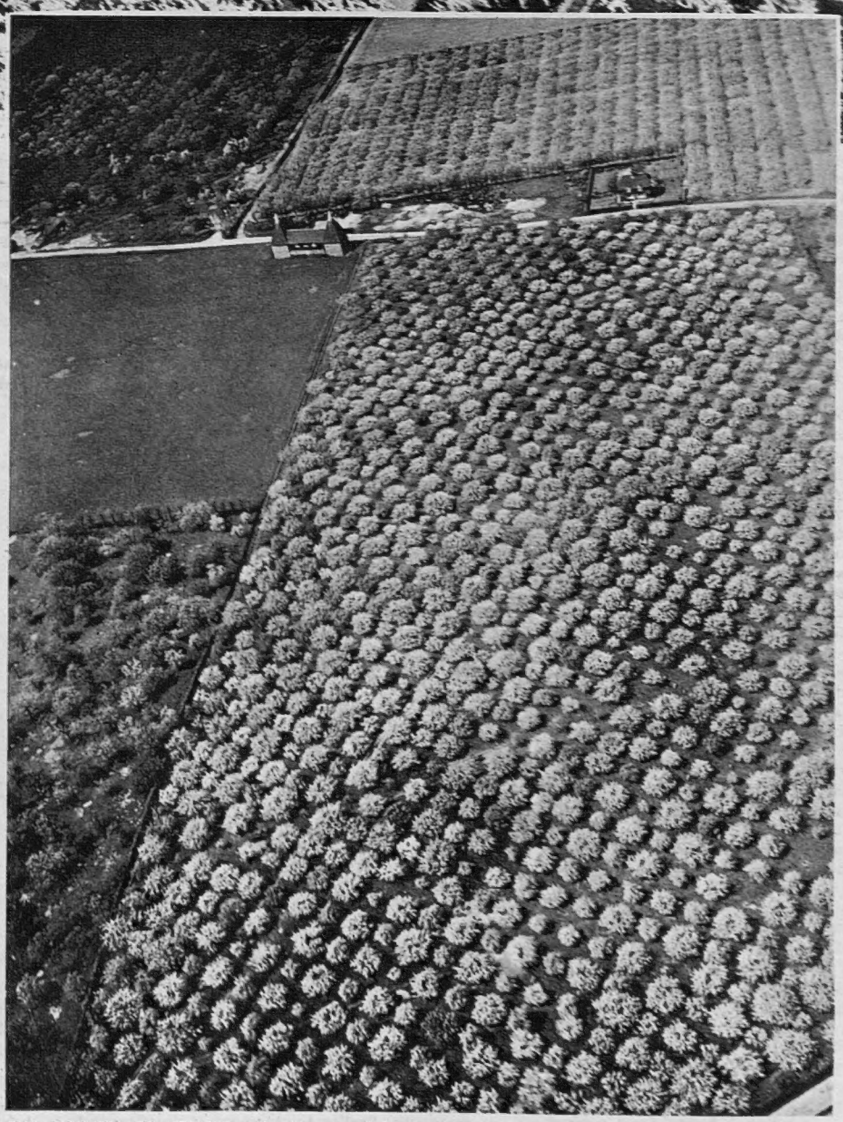
IN THE ROGATION DAYS: At an open-air service at Sneaton Castle, near Whitby, divine blessing is asked upon the crops. Nuns and farming folk attended the service and the young cattle took a lively interest in the proceedings. The Rogation Days are the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday before Ascension Day. They have been observed in all the Western churches ever since the fifth century

BLESSING THE HARVESTERS OF THE SEA: In a simple ceremony on the shores at Beer, Devonshire, the Bishop of Exeter uses a fishing-boat as a pulpit as he leads the supplication for God's blessing on the fishing fleet and issues a Rogation Day plea for a successful harvest. Standing behind the Bishop in the boat, in which the Cross was held aloft, were members of the local choir who led the singing

IT 'S TULIP-TIME IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: This display of tulips, with a background of blossom and green foliage, provides a magnificent spectacle at the Queen Anne's Gate entrance to the park. This display, probably only surpassed by that at Kew Gardens, coincided with the return of the Royal Family, and special precautions were taken to prevent damage to the blooms during the fervour of the Royal reception. One of the new tulip strains is called "Princess Elizabeth." It is a shade of purply pink

"AND ENGLAND LIES NEW WASHEN, GREEN AND FAIR"—A SPRING-TIME SCENE OF SURPASSING BEAUTY IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: A magnificent aerial view taken in the Sittingbourne district of Kent, where the green foliage and the abundant blossom have been in all their glory during the months of April and May

THE GLORY OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE BULB FIELDS: Men at work picking the blooms at Pinchbeck, near Spalding. Visitors to the district are often surprised to find the heads of the plants being cut off, as in this picture, and thrown away. The cultivation of the bulbs is the main purpose and the stalks must not be removed. The production of bulbs is now being stepped up to make good the shortages of the war years, and it is a reasonable assumption that bulb prices will tend to fall in the next year or two. At the moment they are beyond the means of the average gardener



THE BOUNTY OF SPRING: Another aerial view from the Sittingbourne district of Kent, famed for its orchards and its hop fields. During April and May the orchards have been a sea of blossom, and there have been few frosts to mar the harvest prospects

FRANKFURT RESUMES AN HISTORIC ROLE

The City on the Main, the Coronation Place of Emperors, the Hub of Democratic Revolution, and Its Place in the New Germany

By FERDINAND TUOHY

DR. KOLB, Lord Mayor of Frankfurt-on-Main, is a go-getter. Maybe it's the American ambience; maybe he was so before, but when I was in his half-destroyed, overcrowded city the other day he was wanting to buy the huge I. G. Farben building for 20,000,000 marks of municipal money, with a view to its housing the Government of West Germany.

The Americans might have said, and probably did indicate, that the good Herr Doktor was infanticipating in regard to the birth of such a federal structure. For another thing, they propose to introduce a new dollar-backed currency called the Deutschemark which will make all present marks so much dirty paper, and it will be time enough to talk of heroic purchases when the new mark appears.

Nevertheless, so much is happening to make the Main towns of Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg and Mainz into the centre of gravity of Western Germany that the Burgomaster's bid for the "Farben Miracle" is anything but castle-building. I believe I could have hit that gigantic mass on the hill. Yet, while the city below was pulverised, it only got scratched. Destiny?

There again Dr. Kolb steps in. He sees what is happening to Frankfurt as part of an historical picture. Was it not the coronation city of emperors of the Holy Roman Empire in the Middle Ages? Was not Frankfurt the seat of those loosely-contrived German States which formed the Confederation of 1815? Was not the city by the Main the hub of the democratic revolution of 1848? And between-times had not Frankfurt become the banking centre of Germany and the birthplace of her greatest cultural son, Goethe?

To-day the old town that Goethe and the Rothschilds knew is no more. Either the bombing or the insensate Nazi resistance leading to five days of battle was most concentrated there. Maybe it was a mixture. About 40 per cent. of the whole city is destroyed and another 25 per cent. more or less seriously damaged. This leaves over a third intact, and Dr. Kolb shrewdly guesses that once the Western Allies have made Frankfurt their capital in all but name, the first of German rebuilding in a big way will follow—on that damaged 25 per cent. He has already been assured that the Americans will provide enough building material to prepare accommodation for the general administrative descent on Frankfurt.

A first estimate is that this will mean the arrival of 4,000 officials, mostly German, and 8,000 dependants in a maimed city whose near-million inhabitants average between two and three to a room. The 12,000 newcomers will converge from Minden, Bielefeld and Stuttgart, where the Import-Export, Transport and Food agencies of the bi-zonal system are closing down, in order to join the remaining two agencies, of Finance and Communications, already located in Frankfurt.

These five agencies represent what Potsdam ordained the Allies should control on the economic side in Germany, and there are those to insist that so thoroughly do they govern contemporary living in the eleven provinces which appear to be shaping towards a West German Federation, that it cannot be long before the political centre of gravity also moves to Frankfurt; in fact, that the only thing capable of arresting it is a palpable agreement of the Foreign Ministers in respect of Germany, next winter.

Perhaps I should clarify that figure "eleven." We have three German "Lands": Schleswig-Holstein, West Rhine and Lower Saxony. The Americans have five *Laender*: Greater Hesse-Nassau, Wurtemberg-Baden, Franconia, and North and South Bavaria. Now the French have just held constitutional referenda in their three "Lands": Rhine-Palatinate, Baden, and Wurtemberg-Hohenzollern. They have done more. They have begun building administrative offices in ruined Mainz, where they propose to centralise most of their military and civil government, partly in order to be near Frankfurt and partly so as to identify France more with the bastion of Mayence.

This is what I heard (and agreed with) at Baden-Baden, the present seat of French rule in Germany: "We are not convinced by the argument that the atom bomb has put an end to strategic frontiers. Hitler did not use gas in the late war. The next aggressor might not use the atom bomb."

The French contemplate this further link with Frankfurt. They are doing away with a lot of their small German newspapers and bringing out two big ones instead—one in the northern, and one in the southern half of their zone. The northern paper will be published at Mainz and is to be closely modelled on the old *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the idea being that what the Germans were once so familiar with, they will read more eagerly.

But the French in the Frankfurt area at Mainz will not mean fusion with the combined Anglo-American Zone. I gathered that the French are against this for two main reasons. They fear the West breaking off half of Germany, as being calculated to promote a quick German Chauvinism. And under fusion they would have to forgo a deal of what they are at present taking out of Germany, and which serves to balance their Occupation budget. If the French are to "fuse," they have got to be won by more coal and something akin to Ruhr internationalisation with or without the Russians.

We see, then, an economic reincarnation of Shaef at Frankfurt and the French closing up to Mainz. What of Wiesbaden and Heidelberg?

Wiesbaden was badly bombed in mistake for Mainz almost on the last day, but it still ranks as a fine place and is likely to take a residential overflow from Frankfurt of American and British high-ups and their families. Forty minutes of speeding highway divide the two places. The American Air Force is gradually relinquishing its hold on Wiesbaden, and in the same way the U.S. Constabulary is likely to make way for the U.S. Army at undamaged Heidelberg. The Army at present monopolises the "Farben Miracle," which it would vacate in order to make room for the five bi-zonal agencies.

The U.S. Constabulary is the picked force of 32,000 which makes surprise appearances in the best Wehrmacht manner at places that need a lesson. Guns trained and faces set, the Constabulary rumbles through in the last word in mechanisation, equipment and uniforms.

There are several attractive places where the Constabulary can find a headquarters, such as Bieberich, on the Rhine, backing on the celebrated Rheingau slopes which produce the finest Rhine wines; Höchst, near Frankfurt (also Farben and also escaped!), and Bad Homburg up behind, in the Taunus range. This Main region whence West Germany will shortly be supervised is by no means all built-up area, chimneys and ruins. It used to serve as one of the most fashionable residential districts and holiday grounds of Germany.

No wonder American Pressmen say General Clay will be back in Frankfurt, from encircled Berlin, "within six months." But that is another story—how much of Anglo-American-French Berlin will remain in that cosmopolitan city-State once the Frankfurt region assumes a paramount importance for the West. A first effect should be a greatly increased air traffic between the Frankfurt airfields and Tempelhof and Gatow.

So starts the third year in Germany—with a move towards the Main and, unless I am right off the mark, back to another form of Shaef collaboration in the West.

However it may have been scoffed at for its lavish staffing and alleged unwieldiness, Shaef held the West together in good and successful companionship. I was at its farewell party in the "Farben Miracle" in July 1945, and was not the only one to question the speed with which the organisation was being wound up, mainly at the request of Stalin, so it was said.

If the Russians wanted the Western zones all run differently so as the more easily to fish in the troubled waters of each, then they were clever guys and they 've had quite an innings. It was the same old story of divide and rule, but we fell for it; and continued to fall for it even when—down came the Iron Curtain, cutting off one-half of Germany to which we thought we were going to be given free access.

During the two years that have elapsed, we in the West have concentrated on the "4 D's" in Germany—demilitarization, de-industrialization, de-nazification and democratization, and the results have not been so good.

Only in respect of the first can outright success be claimed. The best side of the second has been the attack on the cartels. Against this comes the view that we have dismantled altogether too much and have to pay heavy "Hungeld," or German upkeep, in consequence. De-nazification was beyond the possible at any time, in the multitudinous manner attempted.

Priggish? Maybe so; but I 've felt that here was one thing in which we could have copied the Nazis who would have sent the pick of their tribe to occupy Britain and the States. No such imagination was shown by the victors in the West, and therefore it 's quite unfair to complain of being let down, as touring observers in Germany so readily do. Besides, it isn't only democracy out there that has been lacking—far from it.

With the Occupation entering Phase II, a firmer hold is indicated, based on a refusal to be jollied along any longer by the Russians. Much better to face facts and make a joint "go" of it from Frankfurt.

The rise of Frankfurt is bound to lead to an assertion of American power. Prestige follows those who do the providing and the West expects the Americans to do that in Germany, since no one else can.

LORD PAKENHAM SEES THINGS FOR HIMSELF IN BERLIN: The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Minister in charge of affairs in the British Zone in conversation with a Public Relations official (left) on the Kürfurstendamm. At a subsequent Press conference Lord Pakenham summed up the appalling food situation in the British Zone, and declared: "I shall work passionately to see if the situation can be improved." Since Lord Pakenham's tour it has been announced that Germany is to receive from the U.S. its biggest food shipment since VE Day, and last week this was reported to be on the way

RECALLING THE DAY WHEN GERMANY DIMMED THE LIGHTS OF EUROPEAN CULTURE: Dr. Johannes Stroux (centre), Rector of Berlin University, at a recent ceremony in Berlin in honour of authors whose books were banned by the Nazis, and which were burned on this very spot outside Berlin University in May 1933, shortly after Hitler's coming to power

A HALIFAX BOMBER BURNING AFTER BEING GROUND STRAFED BY A JET AIRCRAFT OF FIGHTER COMMAND: Senior officers of the three Services (Major-Generals and their equivalent and above) and "senior students" recently attended a display of ground strafing, skip bombing, dive bombing and dive rocket attacks, near the village of West Lavington. The display was given by the R.A.F. School of Air Support at Old Sarum, where this special senior course is being given

A TEMPEST II DROPPING TWO 1,000-LB. NAPALM BOMBS DURING THE DEMONSTRATION: The Napalm bomb is used to burn out pill-boxes, trenches, woods, etc., and as an anti-personnel weapon. It is filled with a highly-inflammable liquid

AIR ASSAULT IN COMBINED OPERATIONS

A Demonstration Before Senior Officers of the Three Services

Following Lord Montgomery's second Camberley Conference came a demonstration by the R.A.F. School of Air Support of the science of combined army-air co-operation, for high-ranking officers of the three Services taking a special senior course of instruction. The demonstration included ground strafing, skip bombing, dive bombing and dive rocket attacks, firing in "pairs," "ripples" and "salvoes." Recently a 4,000-lb. bomb, dropped during a R.A.F. exercise, caused damage to property in Market Lavington, Easterton and Urchfont. The Secretary of State for Air, Mr. P. Noel-Baker, expressed regret and alarm at the damage done and stated in the House that the Air Council have now given orders that no bomb heavier than 500 lbs. may be used. The Commandant of the School of Air Support, Air Vice-Marshal Brown, expressed concern that the ban might have a detrimental effect on training. The Napalm bomb, although a 1,000-pounder, could be used because it is a fire bomb and the ban applies only to H.E. bombs

THE NAPALM BOMB BURSTS: The fiercely-burning 1,000-lb. bomb is an effective weapon for "winkling out" in woods, trenches, pill-boxes, etc. In the centre of the picture can be seen the red smoke provided by the Royal Artillery to mark the target. The word Napalm refers to Aluminium Napthenate and Aluminium Palmipate, used in the liquid filling of the bomb, which was developed in America

A MOMENTOUS MEETING IN NEW DELHI WHICH BORE NO IMMEDIATE FRUIT: Mr. Jinnah (left), the leader of the Muslim League, introducing Mahatma Gandhi, leader of Congress, to his sister, Miss Fatima Jinnah. Mr. Jinnah's secretary stands second from the right. This meeting, the second between the two leaders since 1944, took place at Mr. Jinnah's house as a result of a chance encounter, said to have been engineered by Lord Mountbatten, at Viceregal Lodge. The meeting lasted for 2 hours 45 minutes, but no agreement was reached on the division of India into Pakistan and Hindustan, but both leaders declared their determination to make every effort to implement their recent joint peace appeal

IS THIS A RIFT IN THE NEW UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA? Mr. Raden Soeriakartale addressing a mass meeting at Bandoeng, Western Java, at which he proclaimed the new State of Sunda. Over 5,000 men and women attended the meeting, but it appears from the caption accompanying this picture that the new State is not recognised either by the Dutch or Indonesian authorities. How far the Sunda State will prosper and to what extent this separatist movement is genuine still remain to be seen. Sunda embraces the western third of Java, and it is populated by no fewer than 12,000,000 Sundanese who speak their own language and follow their own form of Islamic faith. It is more orthodox in its observances than most of the other Javanese faiths

A Foreign Survey

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

A WOMAN SOCIALIST BECOMES BERLIN'S NEW LORD MAYOR: Frau Luise Schroeder conferring with a visitor to her office shortly after her election as head of the Municipal Government, the first woman to hold such an office. Frau Schroeder, who is sixty and has a long record of Socialist activity, succeeds Dr. Ferdinand Friedensberg. Last year she was Berlin's Deputy-Mayor, taking a large share in the municipal administration. In the years before the war she was highly suspect, and in 1933, when Hitler first came to power, Frau Schroeder was compelled to report daily to the police over a period of eight months

EGYPT'S QUEEN-MOTHER AND HER TWO YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS PAY A FLYING VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: Queen Nazli, wife of the late King Fuad and mother of King Farouk, seen on arrival in New York with Princess Faikah and Princess Fathia, aged twenty-one and seventeen respectively. They flew the Atlantic to Boston and completed the rest of the journey by train. While in New York Queen Nazli has been consulting a specialist. The eldest sister of the Princesses is the Consort of the Shah of Iran. The second sister, Princess Faiza, is twenty-four years of age. They are all remarkable for their striking looks

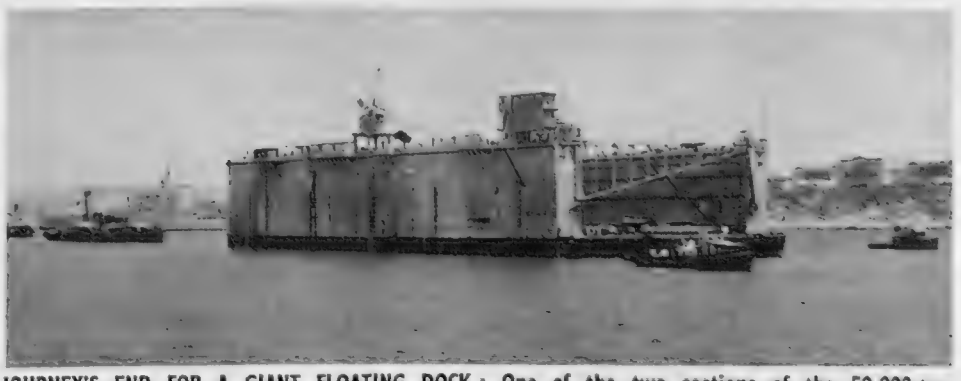
TO KEEP THE PEACE IN THE INTERNATIONAL CITY—TRIESTE HAS A POLICE FORCE TRAINED ON THE BRITISH MODEL: Men of the road patrol checking the identity of a traveller outside the city. Altogether about 5,000 policemen, with equivalent numbers of British, American and Yugoslav troops, will help to keep the peace for the United Nations when the free territory of Trieste comes into being shortly. Modelled on the London Metropolitan Police, this Venezia Giulia Police Force, trained by Allied officers and men—many of them ex-policemen themselves—is now a first-class unit. To these men will fall much of the work of keeping order in a State where Communists and anti-Communists are ever eager to come to blows. Recruited from Slovenes and Italians, the force has its own barracks, medical officer, transport company and workshops, stores and armoury. The head of the force is Lieut.-Colonel G. Richardson, former London C.I.D. Divisional Detective Inspector

UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES FLEET PAY A VISIT TO ISTANBUL: An aerial view of the harbour showing the carrier "Leyte," the cruiser "Dayton" and the destroyers "Purdy" and "Bristol." This was a courtesy call, in the course of the U.S. Fleet's spring cruise, but at the same time it was bound up with the new alignment of American foreign policy

THE VALI OF ISTANBUL INSPECTS THE UNITED STATES MARINES: Dr. Lufti Kidar, in top hat and morning coat, accompanied by Vice-Admiral Bieri, Commander-in-Chief United States Naval forces in the Mediterranean, passing down the ranks of the guard of honour. The arrival of the *Leyte* and her attendant cruisers and destroyers created a great stir in Istanbul, providing material evidence of the new attitude of the United States towards the nations of the Eastern Mediterranean. The carrier *Leyte*, which is shown in the top picture on this page, is a vessel of 27,000 tons, and a sister-ship of the *Shangri La*

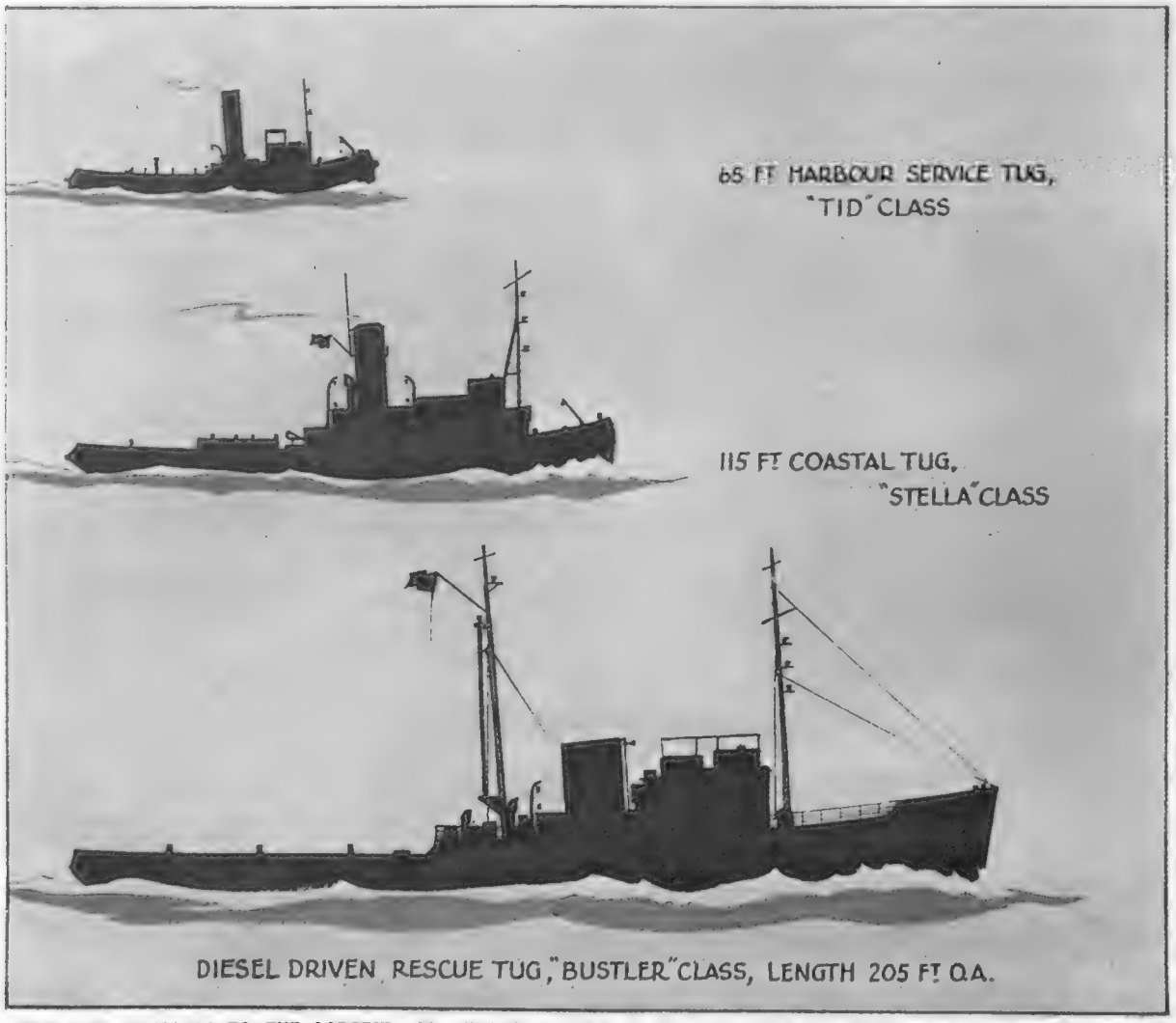
A WEARY AND POSSIBLY HOPELESS TREK THROUGH AN ARID LAND: These farmers of what once was the rice bowl of China are returning to the land the Yellow River has given back to them—and they are finding that the river gave them back a dust bowl. In China's history, there never has been such a mass resettlement. Eight years ago, when the Yellow River chose a new course and overran the fertile fields of Honan and Anhwei Provinces, hundreds of thousands of farmers were driven from their homes. Now the river has been re-routed again with the help of U.N.R.R.A. engineers, but the once-fertile area is a vast wasteland that may become a desert if the winds continue to whisk away the topsoil and leave nothing but sand. The impoverished Chinese are coming back in the hope that they can reclaim the land, and because of their belief that the Chinese must die where he was born

THERE IS SILVER IN THESE HILLS: American Army huts erected in the old Californian mining town of Panamint, where a particularly rich vein of silver was recently brought to light and mining operations are now projected on a big scale. The first settlement was built by Chinese labour during the silver rush in the '70's. Now it looks as if Panamint may regain some of its former prosperity, as the principal vein of silver brought to light includes 100,000 tons of ore capable of producing about £3 per ton. The world demand for silver is enormous, the mining of the metal for industrial purposes having been cut down during the war



JOURNEY'S END FOR A GIANT FLOATING DOCK: One of the two sections of the 50,000-ton structure seen on arrival at Malta after being towed all the way from Bombay, where it was constructed for the Admiralty. The dock was divided into two in order to make the passage of the Suez Canal and the sections were towed by powerful Admiralty tugs. The two sections made the journey at an average speed of 5 knots. The total distance from Bombay to Valetta is about 4,000 miles. In last week's issue of THE SPHERE the sections were seen as they passed through the canal zone. Although this was a difficult task it was not necessary to close the canal to other shipping

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT TYPES OF OCEAN-GOING TUGS TO BE FOUND UNDER THE RED ENSIGN TO-DAY: Scale drawings of the Assurance, Stella and Englishman classes, which are playing a big part in post-war salvage operations. Originally built for the Royal Navy as rescue tugs, a number of the sixteen ships of the Assurance class are now flying the Red Ensign. These very fine craft were built during the years 1941-44, and have a gross tonnage of approximately 595. They have a speed of 13 knots. The Englishman class was first designed for coastal service, but later units were slightly altered to make them suitable for overseas service. They have a gross tonnage of 590 and are fitted with triple expansion engines of 1,150 i.h.p. The Stella-class tugs, which number about twenty-five, are designed for coastal service. The tonnage is much smaller, being approximately 295, while the length is 115 ft. Their power varies from 800 to 1,000 b.h.p. A large number of somewhat similar but slightly smaller tugs have been built in recent years for use on rivers



FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST: The "Tid," the "Stella" and the "Bustler." These scale drawings give a reminder of how greatly the various types of tugs differ in size. And in power the difference is even greater; the little Tid-class tug, which is entirely prefabricated, has a h.p. of 225, while the Bustler is 3,200 b.h.p.

BRITAIN'S OCEAN TUGS

A Powerful Fleet and Its Varied Tasks

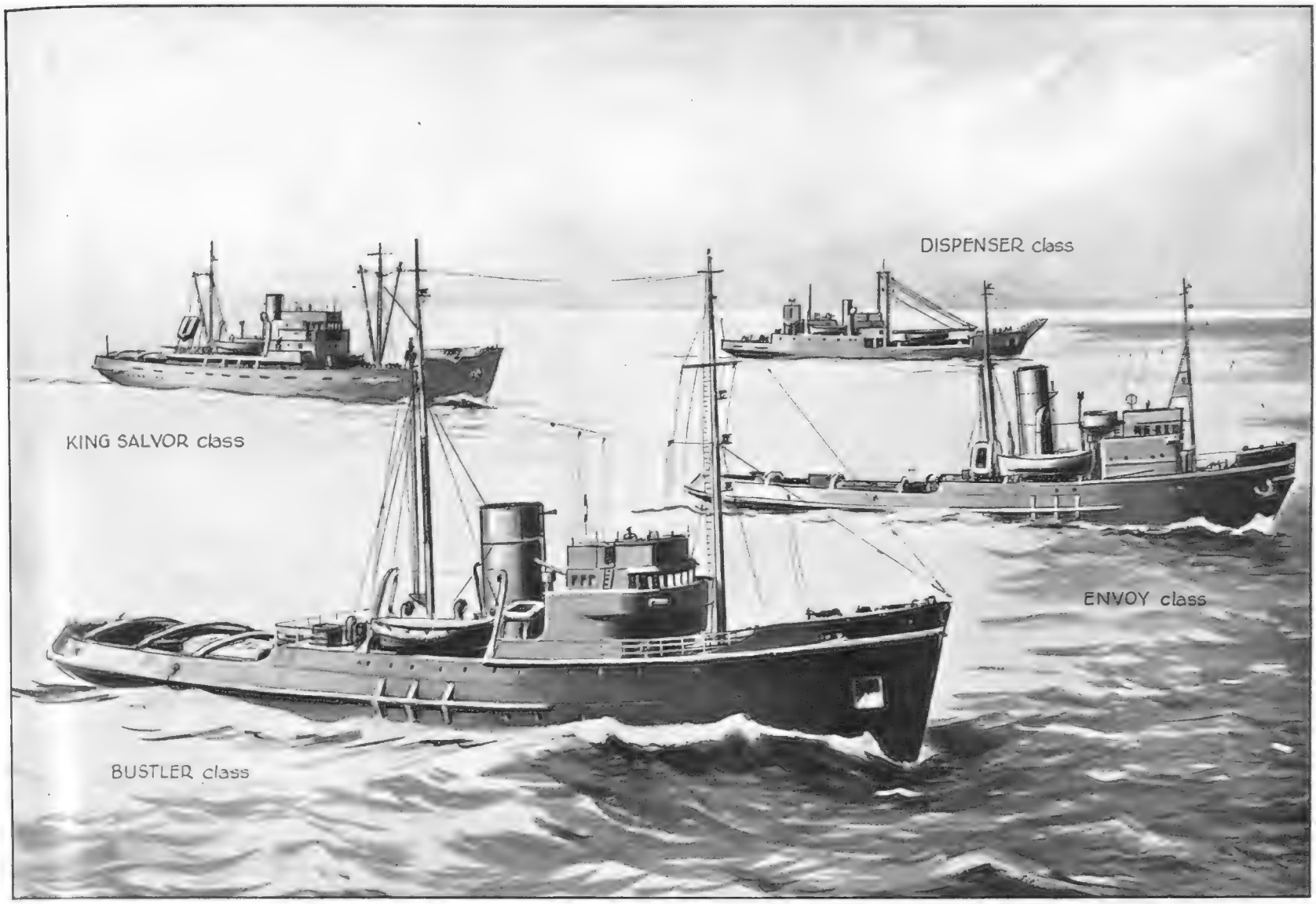
(Drawings by Laurence Dunn)

For many years Britain owned comparatively few large ocean-going tugs and salvage craft, and it became a habit to regard the Dutch vessels as being the best in Europe But all this has been changed, and we now possess one of the finest fleets of ocean-going tugs in the world.

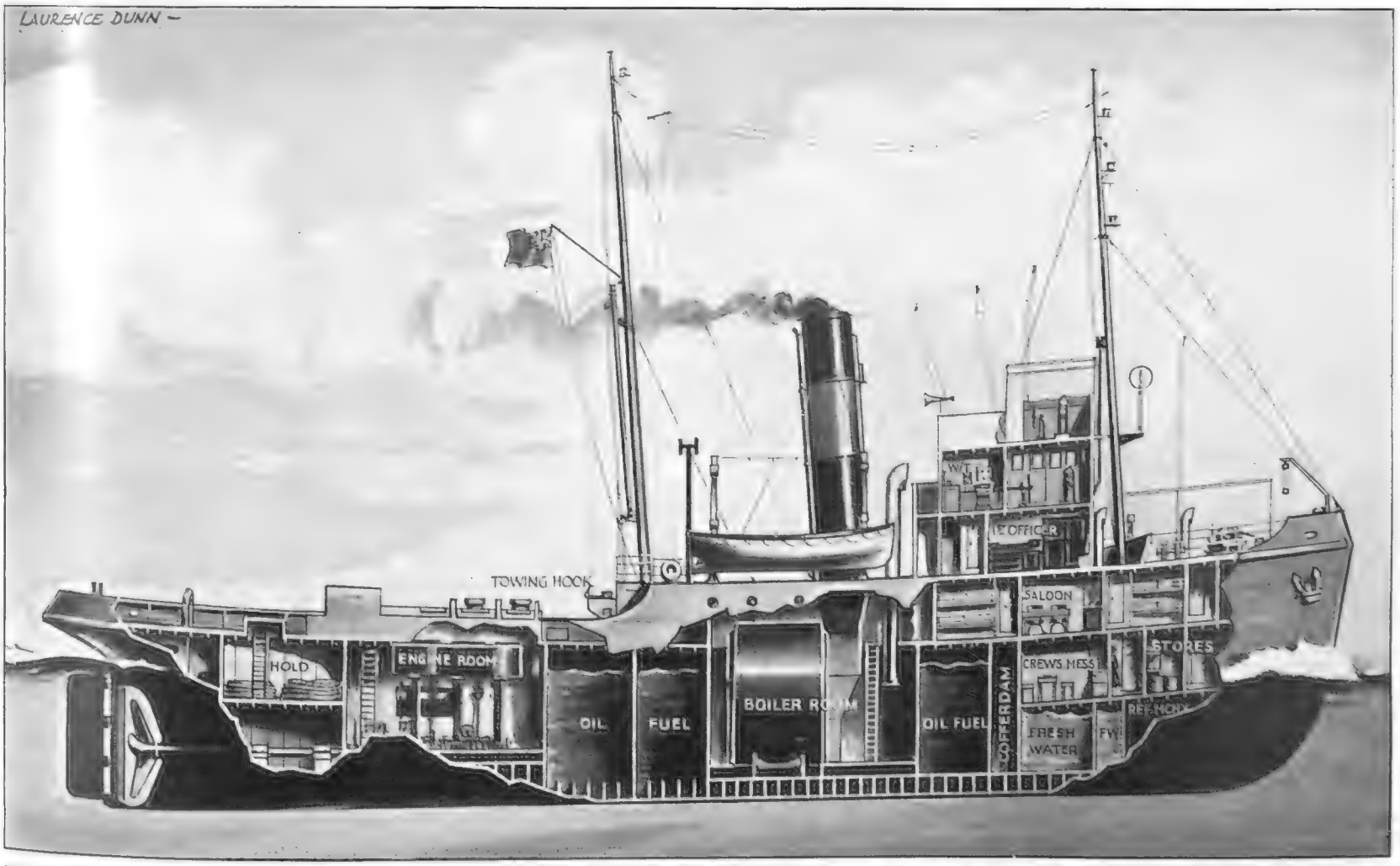
There is much for these ships to do, for there are countless sunken wrecks blocking the harbours of Europe which will need to be salved and towed away, and many ex-naval and other craft which will need to be towed from one country to another under the post-war settlements.

Only recently, it may be remembered, there was news in the Press of a giant 50,000-ton floating dock being towed from Bombay, where it was built for the Admiralty, through the Suez Canal to its destination at Malta, the dock being divided into halves in order to negotiate the canal. This work was done by the powerful naval tugs *Mediator*, *Reward*, *Freebooter*, *Marauder*, *Brigand*, *Encore* and *Hengist*. *Mediator* and *Reward* belong to the Bustler class, the most powerful type in the world, which forms the subject of two of Mr. Dunn's drawings reproduced on these pages.

The artist shows, in addition, the many other types of ocean-going tug now employed by the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine. Two of special interest, in view of the current importance of their work, are those concerned with the lifting and disposal of wrecks. These two types are the King Salvor class (ten ships) and the Dispenser class (nine ships). The former are large vessels of 1,100 tons gross and have a length of 200 ft. The Dispenser class, with a shallow draft of about 10 ft., were originally intended for local service at home, but then the design was modified to make them suitable for work abroad. They are 775 tons gross and have a length of 150 ft.



THE PRINCIPAL TYPES OF RESCUE TUG AND SALVAGE VESSEL IN THE ROYAL NAVY : Four vessels ranging from the giant Bustler class, the most powerful type in the world, to the Dispenser class and the King Salvor class, which are more concerned with the lifting and disposal of wrecks than with towage. The Envoy class consists of five ships, all built at Selby in 1944. With a gross tonnage of approximately 780, the Envoys are 174 ft. in length. Reciprocating engines of 1,700 h.p. give them a speed of 13 knots. They are an improved and slightly enlarged version of the Assurance class, the needed increase in bunker space resulting in a larger hull. The seven ships of the Bustler class are named *Bustler*, *Growler*, *Mediator*, *Reward*, *Samsonia*, *Turmoil* and *Warden*, and were built for the Royal Navy as rescue tugs. One or two now operate under the Red Ensign. They are each 1,100 tons gross and their overall length is 205 ft. Twin diesel engines geared to a single shaft give a speed of 15 knots. All were built at Leith in 1941-44



NOW ENGAGED ON A LONG-RANGE MISSION TO THE ORIENT : A sectional drawing of the three-year-old 592-ton tug "Rumania." She is owned by William Watkins, Ltd., London, and is now towing two former corvettes from Britain to Shanghai, a distance of over 10,000 miles. Her overall length is 143 ft. Other former corvettes intended for local commercial service in the Far East have previously been sent out in pairs, one towing the other, but in two instances the vessel in tow broke adrift and was wrecked

C

THE ROYAL DRIVE THROUGH LONDON TO THE GUILDHALL

The King and Queen and the Princesses Visit the City. Their First Official Engagement on Completion of the African Tour

THE KING RECEIVES THE STATE SWORD OF THE CITY—THE SCENE AT TEMPLE BAR AS THE ROYAL PROCESSION MADE ITS TRADITIONAL HALT AT THE CITY BOUNDARY: After the King had touched the sword upon the hilt and had greeted the Lord Mayor, Sir Bracewell Smith, the Royal carriage drove on down Fleet Street, past more cheering crowds, up Ludgate Hill, and so to the Guildhall, where the King and Queen were entertained to a "Welcome Home" luncheon, their first official engagement following the African tour

To-day London's Guildhall bears the scars of war, but it remains, as ever, a spot hallowed in British history to which those who have served the nation come to give a public account of their stewardship and to receive the thanks of the City. Pitt, after Trafalgar, Eisenhower, after VE-Day, were both toasted at Lord Mayoral banquets for their exertions. Thus it was that there was no more fitting place for the Royal Family to be welcomed home from South Africa, and for the King to pronounce upon the Royal tour than at the Guildhall, and his speech, the most forceful utterance of his reign, was worthy alike of the occasion and the scene. After driving through cheering multitudes from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, with a brief halt at Temple Bar for the ceremony of receiving the City sword, the Royal Family were greeted at Guildhall by a notable gathering representative of many phases of national life. In his speech, delivered despite an attack of laryngitis, the King gave his impressions of the tour and told of South Africa's belief in Britain and of his own faith: "Nothing," he said, "will ever shake my belief that this old country—old in history, old in experience, old in achievement—is at heart as young and vigorous as she has ever been"

GRACE IS SAID AT THE GUILDHALL—AS THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, QUEEN MARY, THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, THE QUEEN, OF SO MANY HISTORIC GATHERINGS IN LONDON'S HISTORY: Lord Jowett, Mrs. Attlee, Colonel Clifton

THERE WAS CHEERING ALL THE WAY: The King, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, the Queen and the Princesses driving through the thronged streets en route to the Guildhall

THE PRINCESSES SIT SIDE BY SIDE: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret seated in the Royal carriage as they drove through the streets of London from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall

CANTERBURY READ THE GRACE, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, THE LORD MAYOR AND THE LADY MAYORESS STOOD TO ATTENTION IN THE BOMB-SCARRED HALL, SCENE From left to right at the top table were—Mrs. Clifton Brown (wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons), Mr. Attlee, Princess Margaret, the Archbishop of the King, the Lady Mayoress of London, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Gloucester (standing just behind Princess Elizabeth), Mrs. Fisher (wife of the Archbishop Brown and Viscountess Addison. Below the steps in the foreground of the picture towards the left can be seen Mr. Herbert Morrison, Leader of the House of Commons

THE ARRIVAL AT THE CANOPIED ENTRANCE TO THE GUILDHALL : As the mounted officer of the guard draws his sword in salute the King and Queen and the Princesses prepare to alight from their carriage

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GUILDHALL : The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bracewell Smith, and the Lady Mayoress standing with the Queen and the Princesses as the King inspected the guard of honour in the courtyard just before entering the building

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, WHO CELEBRATES HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ON MAY 26: A wartime picture of Queen Mary, whose remarkable career of service to the Commonwealth has extended over very nearly fifty-five years, since her marriage in 1893 to the future King George V.

QUEEN MARY AND THE LATE QUEEN ALEXANDRA: The consorts of King George V and King Edward VII seen together at a London exhibition in 1918. Queen Mary's ceaseless work in the First World War on behalf of women's organisations was followed in later years by an interest in women's education

QUEEN MARY IS EIGHTY

Facets of Her Remarkable Career of Service

Next Monday the Commonwealth extends its congratulations to Queen Mary on her eightieth birthday. Daughter of the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria Mary, as she was known, was born at Kensington Palace and passed much of her childhood at White Lodge. Destiny marked her out to be consort to the Heir to the Throne of Britain, and, as the "Old Stager" wrote in THE SPHERE at the time of the Silver Jubilee, "she created the part of consort to a democratic sovereign." No Queen before her had ever worked so hard for, or contributed so much to, the social and industrial welfare of the nation as a whole, irrespective of class or creed. Since the death of King George V Queen Mary's public appearances have necessarily been less frequent, but her interests remain widespread and unflagging, as witness her recent visits to the two London sections of the British Industries Fair, a display which undoubtedly owes as much to her as to any individual. Another of Queen Mary's many and varied interests is lawn tennis, and when Wimbledon comes along visitors will look forward to seeing her in her accustomed place in the Royal Box

A VISIT TO LIVERPOOL IN 1924: Queen Mary driving beside King George V through the streets of the city. In the years between the wars her indefatigability in attending public functions brought the Crown to an even loftier esteem. During the King's illness in 1928-29 Queen Mary presided over the Council of Regency. As Prince and Princess of Wales, King George and Queen Mary made a tour of the Empire in 1901, and they visited India in 1906 and Canada in 1908

THREE GENERATIONS ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY—QUEEN MARY WITH KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION OF THE CROWDS ON CORONATION DAY, MAY 1937: This was a month and a year of very special significance for Queen Mary. It was exactly seventy years since her birth at Kensington Palace. For once her genius for self-effacement was not allowed full play, and there was a tremendous roar of cheering from the multitude thronging the steps of the Victoria Memorial and the vicinity of the Palace when she stood upon the balcony beside her son. Only a few brief years before Queen Mary had stood there with King George V at the time of the Silver Jubilee, and memory must have taken her back to many another similar occasion when the Palace stood as the focal point of the Empire's loyalty

BRITAIN AND THE COMMONWEALTH WISH HER MANY HAPPY RETURNS: This photograph of Queen Mary has been released by Hay Wrightson's on the occasion of Her Majesty's eightieth birthday. Queen Mary is wearing the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The medallions on the ribbon bear miniatures of King George V and King George VI

QUEEN MARY AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR—HER MAJESTY'S RECENT VISIT TO OLYMPIA, WHERE SHE MADE AN EXTENSIVE TOUR OF THE STANDS WITH THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT: Queen Mary's interest in the Fair has been one of long standing, and this year her tour of inspection was just as thorough as ever, involving visits both to the Olympia and Earl's Court sections. Those on the stands found her questions penetrating and very much to the point, and those in her entourage have often marvelled at the distances she covers on these tours. This year Queen Mary showed a tremendous interest in the group of stands displaying plastic products, and she bought several plastic cigarette-cases and combs

HOWARD HUGHES ABOARD "HERCULES"

News of the World's Largest Flying Boat, and Other Events In the World of Aviation

The *Hercules*, the world's largest flying-boat, which is now nearing completion, has had almost as much publicity as its builder, Mr. Howard Hughes, the aircraft manufacturer, industrialist and film magnate. At the time of writing the *Hercules* lies in a special graving dock at Long Beach, California, and at any moment now we are promised the spectacle of this colossus taking to the air from the waters of the Pacific. The original contract received by Howard Hughes was for three Clippers, the total cost for the three being £4,000,000, but already the *Hercules* has cost £5,000,000. The U.S. Government, noting the bill, saw fit some time ago to cancel the orders for *Hercules II* and *Hercules III*. Full details of the monster Clipper are not available, but it is known that its eight Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines will provide 28,000 h.p. for the take-off. Who will be at the controls when the *Hercules* is airborne for the first time is still a secret, but everybody knows that Howard Hughes would like to have charge of the giant. The capacity of the Clipper is also secret, but it is probable it has accommodation for at least 400 fully-equipped troops

HOWARD HUGHES GOES ABOARD THE "HERCULES"—THE NOTED AIRCRAFT DESIGNER, BUILDER, INDUSTRIALIST AND FILM MAGNATE ABOUT TO ENTER THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING-BOAT: Mr. Hughes (in dark coat) with Assistant Director Petrale as they were about to step inside the massive hull of the Clipper which is now nearing completion in a special fitting-out dock at Long Beach, California. Few details of this colossus are available, but it is known that it will be able to carry 400 armed troops. It has already cost £5,000,000

IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE "HERCULES": Mr. Howard Hughes, builder of the world's largest flying-boat, making an inspection of the massive interior. The machine's initial trials are being awaited with the keenest interest by the aviation world

FRANCE PRODUCES A NEW TEN-PASSENGER PLANE—A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE NORD 2100, A PRODUCT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DE CONSTRUCTIONS AERONAUTIQUES DU NORD: This pusher-type machine, with its two 425-horse-power Potez motors, was not completed in time for the French Aero Exhibition last winter and has just run its trials at Mureaux Airfield, near Paris. The performance is not startling, the cruising speed being less than 200 m.p.h., but the general design reflects the way in which the French aero industry is slowly regaining its place in the world of air travel. The famous French firms which made so great a place in the early years of the world's aeronautical history have for the most part been engulfed by the new nationalised factories

ENTER THE CARGO CANOE—ONE OF THE NEW CONSTELLATION AIRCRAFT OF THE GREAT SILVER FLEET, WHICH IS TO OPERATE ON THE "SEVENTY-CITY" SYSTEM OF AMERICA'S EASTERN AIRLINES, SEEN FLYING OVER THE CALIFORNIAN COAST; IT IS EQUIPPED WITH AN EXTERNAL CARGO-CARRIER SLUNG BENEATH THE FUSELAGE: The cargo canoe, as this equipment is called, provides an additional 400 cubic feet of space for mail and baggage, and it is achieved without disturbing in any way the luxurious interior appointments of the air-liner. Extensive tests have shown that when fitted with the cargo canoe the cruising speed of the air-liner is lowered by only 10 m.p.h. Installation or removal of the carrier takes only two minutes, and greatly simplifies baggage handling, allowing for pre-loading in an airport's terminal building. Fourteen of these new Constellation air-liners are now operating on the "Seventy-City" system. General Manager of the line is Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, the man who helped to defeat Germany's Flying Circus in the First World War and now a leading figure in commercial aviation

A HELICOPTER IN TROUBLE—AN UNUSUAL PICTURE FROM FLOYD BENNETT FIELD, NEW YORK: This machine, piloted by Flight-Lieut. Gershowitz, of the United States Coast Guards Service, is seen out of control during the course of a demonstration for high-school students. The machine is about to strike the ground. When this happened it lost part of its tail assembly, but in order to avoid hitting the spectators Gershowitz took the craft up again, and eventually came to rest on a runway where the helicopter burst into flames. Accidents to helicopters have been rare, even experimental types having been remarkably free from trouble

A NEW STRIKING FORCE IN AVIATION—AN AVENGER AIRCRAFT FIRING TWO OF THE POWERFUL "UNCLE TOM" ROCKETS: These rockets, which have the potential effect of a 500-lb. bomb, were watched as they hurtled towards the target by high-ranking officers of the three Services attending a special demonstration at the R.A.F. School of Air Support. The demonstration was held in conjunction with the recent Camberley Conference called by Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, the C.I.G.S. (See also page 233)

THE CAVE "UTOPIA" OF KENANPO

Where An Ex-War Lord is Trying Out a Vast Experiment in Communal Living

The name of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan has flashed across the news pages of the world on countless occasions in the present century. Once he was a typical war-lord, typical of the men who fomented China's unending internecine struggle. Now he has a new theory. Advancing age has mellowed the Marshal. He has become a political theorist and, influenced by Marx and Robert Owen, not to mention some of the sages of Ancient Greece, he is attempting to create a modern Utopia in his Province of Shansi, which, for good and for ill, he has now ruled for over thirty-two years. The centre of this experiment is the cave city of Kenanpo, where the 10,000 inhabitants live in caves cut from the loess mountainside. In Kenanpo, lying between the Communist areas of North China and Chiang Kai-shek's territory, Marshal Yen rules like an autocrat. This is his one-man state and he admits of no opposition. To put his Utopian theories into practice, the ageing Marshal has cancelled all civil liberties, and the 5,000,000 people of Shansi would appear to be reduced to serfdom in an authoritarian and politically autonomous state.

THIS IS THE CAVE CITY OF KENANPO: In this strange settlement amid the Loess Mountains of Shansi Province, North China, Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, ex-war lord and for the past thirty-two years Shansi's Governor, is conducting a Communistic experiment which would seem to have something in common with Marxian theories and also with those of Robert Owen, the British reformer who started the New Lanark venture. The old General, once branded as a traitor, rules the province and its 5,000,000 inhabitants with an iron hand, and he does no more than pay political lip-service to Chiang Kai-shek's Central Government. He remains even more aloof from the Communists

THE MAN WHO RULES SHANSI: A new picture of the sixty-two-year-old ex-War Lord Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, who has been Governor of the province for thirty-two years and since 1943 has attempted to institute a Communistic regime of his own pattern. Politically he is deeply ambitious, and he brooks no democratic interference with his plans

The war lord's economic theories are founded on the view that money based on metal and private ownership of capital are fatal to mankind. Accordingly, he began his enterprise in 1943 by liquidating the entire merchant class in Shansi. All shops were closed, property confiscated and stocks taken over by the "Public Co-operative." Simultaneously, all the land was taken from the landlords and parcelled out to the farmers in accordance with each individual's capacity for production. Ownership of the land, however, remained with Yen's government; and if a farmer did not meet a production quota set for him, or if he dared criticise the system, the land was immediately taken from him.

"My New Economic System is militant in character," the old Marshal has declared, "and compulsory labour is its basis. If a man doesn't work, he doesn't eat."

HOW THE PEOPLE OF KENANPO WORSHIP AND WORK—LIFE IN THE CAVE CITY WHERE THE EX-WAR LORD MARSHAL YEN HSI-SHAN HAS INTRODUCED HIS AUTHORITARIAN, SEMI-COMMUNIST REGIME: *Left*—A citizen seated outside the niche in the loess cliffside where the household gods are installed. *Right*—A man spinning before the entrance to his cave home. The entire 10,000 population of Kenanpo live in these cave dwellings, accepting an authoritarian regime

IN KENANPO NEARLY EVERYTHING WORKS BY BARTER: A citizen of Marshal Yen's Utopian state purchases a length of cloth in exchange for spun wool at the co-operative store, where all business in Kenanpo has to be done

EDUCATION IS WELL CATERED FOR IN THE CAVE CITY: Children on their playground outside the class-rooms which, like the homes, are carved from the loess hillside

KENANPO STREET SCENE: Typical cave dwellings housing some of the city's teeming population of 10,000 co-operative workers

TIER UPON TIER CUT OUT OF THE LOESS MOUNTAINSIDE: Cave dwellings with a precipitous pathway passing their doors. A scene at Kenanpo, which in its modest way would appear to be a thriving community

ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM SHANGHAI AMID THE HILLS OF CHINA'S RICH NORTH-WEST: *Left*—Some of the more elaborate homes of Kenanpo, where the inhabitants have built frontages to their caves. *Right*—Pack animals arriving at Kenanpo along the rocky mountain road. The city, it is thought, may one day achieve considerable prosperity, for it lies in the region of the world's largest coalfield, a field that could supply the whole world with fuel for 1,000 years or more

THE "AGNES WICKFIELD," THE "EDWARD WALMESLEY" AND THE "LIZZIE MELLING" ARE IN TROUBLE—THE THREE FLEETWOOD TRAWLERS HIGH AND DRY ON THE WYRE LIGHTHOUSE BANKS, OFF FLEETWOOD: Two powerful tugs are fussing round the "Edward Walmesley" and making preparations to lift her off with the next tide. The vessel is getting up steam so that she can lend the aid of her propellers to the joint effort. Of recent weeks there has been a spate of groundings off the British coast, starting with the "Queen Elizabeth" affair on the Brambles Sands, which aroused such a degree of public concern. In the picture below on the left the whale factory ship "Balaena" is seen in similar trouble when grounding off the East Anglian coast

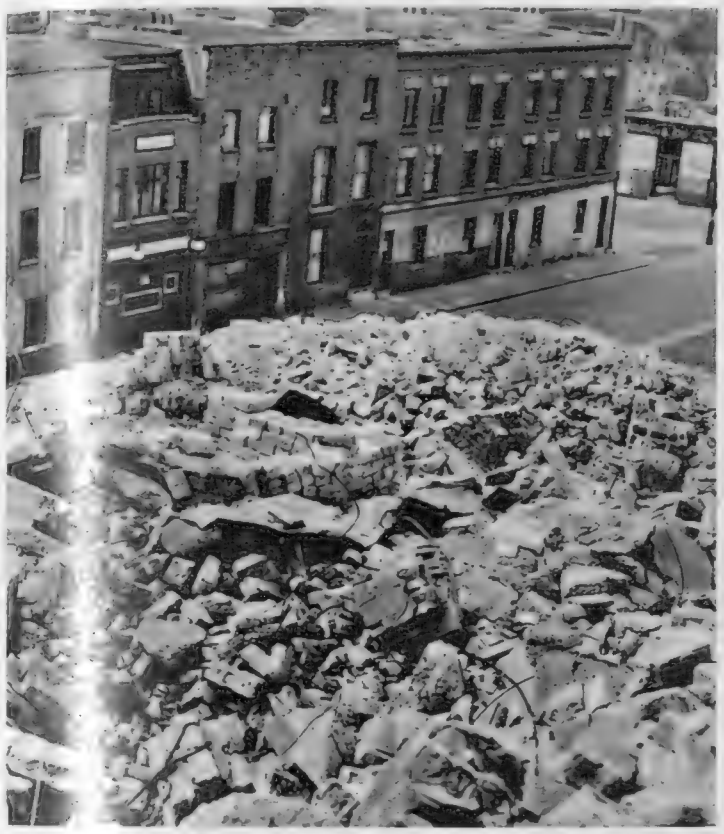
IN BRITAIN and AROUND HER COASTS

More Ships Go Aground; Poole's Giant Generating Station; Dispute Over a Surrey Beauty Spot; Bush House and the Flying Bombs

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WHALING FACTORY SHIP "BALAENA": The 14,000-ton vessel, which only recently returned from the Antarctic after a record-breaking maiden voyage, which produced 185,000 barrels of whale oil, seen after she grounded last week off the Essex coast. This was not the last of the *Balaena's* troubles, and only a few hours after she had refloated herself from Shipwash Sands, 12 miles off Walton-on-the-Naze, she went aground for some hours on Winterton Ridge, off Great Yarmouth. The *Balaena* was *en route* from Southampton to Norway, carrying 60,000 barrels of oil and 50 tons of whale meat

A MIGHTY NEW GENERATING STATION FOR THE SOUTH-WEST: A mechanical grab and a bulldozer in operation within the girdle wall on the site of the new plant at Poole. The project has been entrusted to the Bournemouth and Poole Electricity Supply Co., Ltd., by the Central Electricity Board. The South-West of England is to have in all four giant new generating stations. Like the rest of England, power supply in the area is hopelessly inadequate to meet requirements

THE THREAT TO HANKLEY COMMON—THE SURREY BEAUTY SPOT WHERE THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH ARE SPONSORING A PLAN TO ERECT A SEWAGE WORKS, A PLAN WHICH IS MEETING WITH THE DETERMINED OPPOSITION OF LOCAL RESIDENTS: This photograph shows the delightfully wooded area in which the works will be constructed if the present scheme goes through. Elstead Parish Council are determined to fight against the project, and they are engaging a K.C. to hold a public inquiry. Elstead Council is also organising a meeting of 200 local residents to discuss further action. The trouble began when Hambledon Rural District Council asked Mr. Jack Billmeir, the owner of the land, to sell it to them. Mr. Billmeir refused on the grounds that it would ruin his farm and his home. The Council then threatened compulsory acquisition. The scheme, which is sponsored by the Ministry of Health, will cost £45,000. It is understood that Hankley Common is exempt from development under the Greater London Plan. The sewage works would be just on the fringe of the common



RUBBLE, RUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE! A mountain of debris is causing a controversy in South London. The war over this unsightly mound of rubble from London's damaged houses and dismantled air-raid shelters, that rises chimney-high over a wide expanse of blitzed ground at Stewart's Road, Nine Elms, has flared up again. Protests are being made by householders, schoolteachers and business men in the area because a fresh outbreak of illegal dumping of rubbish by private firms is turning the place into a plague spot. A year ago, local M.P.s managed to get the dump reduced in size and tidied up, but now a new outbreak of rubbish-shooting is causing more trouble. It is proposed eventually to clear the dump and build a community centre and flats on the site

THE SCARS OF WAR WILL REMAIN AS A SYMBOL OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: Men engaged in erecting scaffolding preparatory to repairs at Bush House, high above London's Kingsway. The statue on the left, representing the Old World, which once reached out for a torch held by another statue, symbolic of the New World, lost its right arm in July 1944 when a flying bomb descended upon the area. It has now been officially decided that the scar is to remain and that the missing forearm will not be replaced. Bush House stands in a commanding position in the centre of Aldwych, and facing due north along the wide thoroughfare of Kingsway. In the last century this was one of Central London's slum areas. Many American firms, including the Chase National Bank, have their offices in Bush House

THE HORSA AS A HOME—A NEAT CONVERSION OF A GIANT D-DAY GLIDER: Mr. T. Smith, of Filton, near Bristol, engaged in converting a Horsa, the celebrated type of troop-carrier which was flown into the Normandy bridgehead. He has purchased it for £60 and he will equip it as a caravan trailer. When converted the Horsa will be able to sleep four people in comfort, and two windowed pilot's cabins are being added to make a sun lounge. Mr. Smith has bought another Horsa, and he hopes that the conversion of the second glider, which he will sell to some friends, will meet his total expenses in combating his own personal housing problem

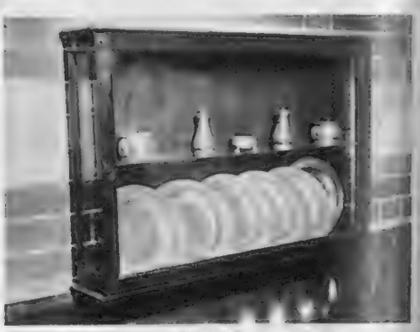
THEY CALL IT THE LARMAR CAR: This miniature roadster, belonging to a London law student, is recommended for the use of disabled ex-Servicemen. The Larmar's single-cylinder 2½-h.p. engine enables the car to climb any normal hill and cruise at 35 m.p.h. It can be manœuvred easily in a limited space, having a turning circle of 15 ft. diameter. The controls are as in a normal car, but these can be considerably modified to suit the needs of a disabled person. A person having lost a leg, both legs, or an arm can travel in comfort, in comparative safety, and with all-weather protection

THE SIX POOR TRAVELLERS' HOUSE AT ROCHESTER: The celebrated Watts Charity which was founded in the sixteenth century under the will of a Rochester merchant, Richard Watts, and made famous by Dickens in one of his short stories, has now been closed and the future of the property has been placed in the hands of the Charity Commissioners.

THE ELIZABETHAN COVERED GALLERY: This is one of the oldest parts of Rochester's Watts Charity, but it is now very sadly neglected

DICKENS and the WATTS CHARITY

A Famous Rochester House Neglected and No Longer Open to Visitors



THEY FED FROM MASSIVE PEWTER DISHES: The original plates and salt-cellars used by the travellers entertained by the Watts Charity

SADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR: A rear view of the Watts Charity showing the Elizabethan Gallery, which urgently requires attention. The whole fabric is said to be in danger

Mr. Leslie Staples, Editor of *The Dickensian*, is making a powerful plea for the preservation of the Watts Charity. In a letter to THE SPHERE he states: "The Charity was founded by Richard Watts in 1579 to house 'Six Poor Travellers, who not being Rogues or Proctors, may receive gratis for one night Lodging, Entertainment and Fourpence each.' It functioned in this way until Rochester became 'a prohibited area' in the recent war. Dickens made it the subject of his Christmas Story *The Seven Poor Travellers*, he himself being the seventh. The building is interesting and possibly unique. The gallery leading to the little bedrooms, the dining-room where the supper was served proving greatly attractive to Dickensians and others. It is claimed that the Charity has now ceased to be of practical use. There are, I suppose, no tramps in this brave new world! The caretaker has been discharged and the building leaks in every tile. In 1905 the value of the estate left to maintain this little charity had so far increased that, in addition to supporting it, payments to other charities to the figure of £2,300 were made yearly and the Watts Public Baths and eight nurses were maintained. The closing I therefore regard as nothing short of a public scandal. I was assured some time ago that whatever happened the house would be kept open to visitors, but reports in the Press show that it has been closed and its future placed in the hands of the Charity Commissioners. I am privately informed that the place has been stripped and the weather has had unrestricted access."

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL VIEWED FROM THE WATTS CHARITY: The Cathedral dates from the twelfth century and rises on the site of a missionary church founded by St. Augustine, who consecrated Justus first Bishop of Rochester in 604

THE SCENE OF A GREAT ART SALE—ASHTON COURT, BRISTOL, WHERE TAPESTRIES, PICTURES AND OTHER TREASURES ARE TO BE AUCTIONED OVER A PERIOD OF EIGHT DAYS AND WHERE BUYERS ARE EXPECTED FROM THE CONTINENT AND AMERICA: Ashton Court was the home of the late Lady Smyth, and it has been in the same family for 400 years. Its most magnificent treasures are Gobelin tapestries

THE TREASURES of ASHTON COURT

An Important West Country Sale

For months past experts have been busy in the panelled rooms and galleries of historic Ashton Court on the outskirts of Bristol. They have been preparing for the eight-day sale of the Smyth family treasures which starts on June 3. With careful hands they have removed the rare tapestries from their stretchers flanking the staircase and taken down the fine old oil-paintings which have looked down from the walls of the galleries during the 400 years' residence of the Smyth family. To-day everything is numbered and catalogued, from a unique silver and Sheffield plate table bearing the Smyth arms to a set of painted escutcheons dated 1430. The Smyth collection will soon be dispersed to private collectors and museums throughout the country and abroad. These are a few of the fine old pieces which will rivet the attention of connoisseurs when the four-days preview takes place immediately before the sale: the original Collinson's "History of Somersetshire"; coloured prints after Morland, Westall and Angelica Kaufmann; a rare "Monteith" bowl dated 1692; Sheraton and Chippendale furniture; Chamberlain's Worcester and Sèvres porcelain; Delft, Spode and Nankin pieces. Three Gobelin blue tapestries and oil-paintings attributed to Old Masters are among other outstanding features of the auction. It is undoubtedly the largest sale of its kind ever held in the West of England. The future of the house is unknown

IN THE MUSIC-ROOM AT ASHTON COURT: Some of the valuable furniture which will come up for auction on June 3, when the sale of the Smyth treasures is started. Sheraton and Chippendale predominate

IN THE LONG GALLERY: Tableware displayed for the inspection of buyers who will be flocking to Ashton Court for what is undoubtedly one of the most important sales held in the West Country of recent years

TO BE OR NOT TO BE! Broomfield House, Broomfield Park, Southgate, North London, regarding the future of which a wordy battle is being fought between Council officials and residents. Broomfield House is now used as a clinic with a café and museum attached. The local Council propose that it should be pulled down to make way for a modern sports centre built in Georgian style. The borough historian is leading Southgate residents in the battle to save the historic building, which tradition says, was used as a hunting-lodge by King James I and his Scottish followers. A Southgate Council official declares that the building is ugly and unhygienic, and the Council would have ordered its demolition fifty years ago if it were a private house

LONDON IN THE YEARS OF PERIL

How the L.P.T.B. Kept Going Amid the Bombs, the V.1's and the Rockets

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR reasons known only to the Paper Control, the British public has had no chance of acquiring the record of one of the most interesting aspects of the war—at least, as far as London is concerned. In other words, the London Passenger Transport Board was only allowed to secure the necessary paper to print its war story on the understanding that it was merely distributed to its staff, and not sold to the public. This peculiar action on the part of a Government department cannot, however, prevent me from giving at least some of the details which every Londoner who stayed in the capital during the blitz would like to know.

To us who remained there are a number of indelible dates during the blitz—September 7-8, 1940; December 29-30, 1940; April 16-17, 1941; and May 10, 1941. At the time, real knowledge of what happened overnight to the buses and trams, underground trains and trolley-buses, was limited to one's own personal experience. No official announcements were made, and any undue reference to incidents was regarded as causing alarm and despondency. Photographs, except those taken by official photographers, were very much taboo. Now, at last, it is possible to learn of the really appalling damage which was done by the Luftwaffe to London's communications.

September 7-8, 1940 was the first occasion when the public sought shelter in the Tubes against all official instructions. (The peak night for Tube shelterers was September 27, 1940, when 177,000 "squatted.") On September 7, strangely enough, the vehicles and trains of London Transport did not have a great deal of damage done to them. True, the East London Line was put out of action for some months; District Line trains were blocked at Wimbledon; the station at Baker Street was damaged and so was the Northern Line tunnel at Mornington Crescent. But September 18, which does not stand out in my own memory as a particularly bad night, caused tremendous havoc. At dawn on September 19 it was impossible to contact either the southern, south-western, north-western or north-eastern areas by telephone. Oxford Street, from Marble Arch to Oxford Circus, was closed. So was the whole of Wigmore Street. Forty buses at Catford Garage alone had been damaged. Bombs had fallen elsewhere at Balham, St. Pancras, Marylebone Road (outside Regent's Park Underground Station) and in Regent Street near Piccadilly Circus. Communications had, in many cases, to be maintained by motor-cycle despatch riders.

Several hundred buses which would normally have been driving through the city at the rate of 240 an hour had to be diverted or shuttled. The most peculiar diversion was that of the No. 11 buses on the section of the road from Ludgate Circus to Liverpool Street. They had to go by the east side of St. Paul's, St. Martin-le-Grand, Gresham Street and Lothbury, and their return journey was routed by Bartholomew Lane, Lothbury, Gresham Street, Old Jewry, Poultry, Queen Street, Queen Victoria Street, Blackfriars, New Bridge Street and Ludgate Circus.

January 11 is another date which does not seem particularly memorable, but to London Transport it was one of the worst nights of the war, the most horrible incident of which occurred at the Bank Station where a bomb caused the entire roadway to collapse into the subway tunnel, while the blast went down the escalators which collapsed like a pack of cards. All the lights had gone out immediately. A rescue party from Liverpool Street found a terrible scene. There were a number of injured people by the signal cabin. There was no illumination except for the oil lamps, hand lamps and candles carried by the rescue party.

The injured were tended and removed by ambulances which arrived in a quarter of an hour. The doctors mainly came from Bart.'s and worked like Trojans. The dead were left on one side—nothing could be done about them. Some of the corpses were crushed, some killed by blast, some very much mangled. Several of the shelterers had been blown on the track by the blast. A train had been actually entering when the bomb fell. It was already halfway along the platform. The blast blew the driver's hands off the controls, but the automatic brake came into action. The train stopped, but not before some of the people, blown off the platform, had been run over. The survivors made their way by the tunnel as there was no other way out. Among the casualties was a policeman going off duty and a soldier who was coming down the escalator. His rifle was blasted, stock and barrel looking like a walking stick. His uniform was burned by blast, which had also torn the clothing off other victims and badly charred their bodies.

After two or three hours the whole station had been cleared of dead and injured, except for a number of bodies ultimately recovered from beneath the escalators. A porter and ticket-collector were blown clean out of the crater by some freak of the blast. One was found wandering round, his mind a complete blank, in the early hours of the morning, and taken to Bart.'s.

On April 16 the District Line was closed between Mansion House and St. James's Park, the Bakerloo Line between Waterloo and Piccadilly Circus, the Northern Line between Strand and Kennington, the Metropolitan Line between King's Cross and Aldersgate and between South Kensington and Edgware Road. An unexploded parachute mine was caught in the roof of Charing Cross Southern Railway Station. Blast damage was caused at Mark Lane, Oval, West Brompton, Marble Arch, High Street, Kensington, Mansion House, King's Cross, West Hampstead, Elephant and Castle, Warren Street, Holborn and Whitechapel.

The Victoria bus garage received a near miss which badly damaged ten buses, wrecked two and broke the windows of over ninety.

Three nights later there was another severe blitz. The District Line was suspended between Mansion House and Whitechapel, the Central Line between Wood Lane and Ealing Broadway, and the East London Line between Shoreditch and Surrey Docks, while bomb damage near Highgate Station necessitated a 15-m.p.h. speed limit on the Northern Line. At the East Ham railway depôt a land mine damaged seventy cars of the Metropolitan and District Line rolling-stock by blast.

The numbers of shelterers, which had shrunk a week previously to 50,000, promptly doubled, shrinking again to 70,000 by the notorious night of May 10. This was the worst night ever experienced by the Board.

As a result, huge sections of the lines were closed. As for the buses, hundreds were damaged and the closing of Vauxhall Bridge, Oxford Circus, most of Park Lane and all the approaches south of the river to Tower Bridge, London Bridge, Southwark Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge and Waterloo Bridge, made road transport almost impossible. The trams and trolley-buses suffered at least as severely as the buses. Tram drivers, incidentally, preferred their job to that of driving omnibuses or trolley-buses, because they said that the clanging sound of the trams prevented them hearing approaching bombs, for by now they had become quite fatalistic.

So much for the main dates of the real blitz. The first V.1 incident to affect the Board was at Grove Road, Bow, when the railway bridge was hit and the girders crashed into the road. Within two hours of its explosion at dawn, the Operating Manager of Trams and Trolley-buses was on the scene. A quick discussion with the police and Air Ministry officials informed him that the damage had been caused by "an aeroplane which must have burst in the air." For twenty-four hours the authorities kept a security silence on the subject of this and other mysterious explosions. Thus, a paragraph in the report of London Transport's Chief Engineer (Civil) Department contained this paragraph:

"On Thursday, June 15, 1944, an air-raid warning was sounded at 11.37 p.m. It was reported from Kentish Town Station that a noise and a flash had been observed in the direction of Prince of Wales Road. At 11.51 p.m. the signalman at Farringdon reported that something had fallen between Farringdon and King's Cross which was believed to be an aeroplane."

Next day an official announcement was made to the effect that the new menace was, in fact, the flying bomb.

The Board's property suffered considerable damage throughout the V.1 period. Tram tracks and railways were frequently hit.

Now—with the approach of the 1944 winter—came the rockets. The first of these to affect the Board's property exploded near Walthamstow trolley-bus depôt. Others caused minor damage at Forest Gate and Upton Park. For some months V.1s and V.2s fell indiscriminately out of the sky, and the strain on the flood-gate control operators was very considerable.

By VE-Day 181 members of the staff of London Transport had been killed on duty, with another 1,867 more or less seriously injured, while buses, trams, trolley-buses and railway cars had received damage on nearly nine thousand occasions as a result of blast, incendiaries, bombs, V.1s and V.2s.

Looking back on it all, it is astounding how quickly all the damage was repaired. It may have seemed dilatory at the time but that was because one did not begin to realise how widespread the devastation had been.

THE AFTERMATH AT THE BANK: Men clearing the debris after the disaster at the Bank Station. For the most part pictures of this nature were withheld from the Press during the Battle of London, and every effort was made to keep the Germans uninformed regarding the extent of the damage they were inflicting

NIGHT LIFE IN THE UNDERGROUND: Families sleeping in the shelter of one of the lower escalator halls. This invasion of the Underground began in 1940, reaching its peak on the night of September 27, when 177,000 people sought sanctuary

YOUTH IN THE THEATRE

The Duchess of Kent Visits a Film Studio; Sir Thomas Beecham at Drury Lane

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTS A SUNDAY CONCERT AT DRURY LANE: A large audience attended the first of the Mozart Festival Concerts. Harold Fielding, the promoter of the concert, had requested that as many as possible of the audience should wear evening dress in an attempt to restore some of the pre-war glamour to London's scene. But the response was poor, sartorially, though enthusiastic in its appreciation of the music. Sir Thomas was at his best—conducting with his customary brilliance and clad in a white dinner jacket

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE; FIRE, BURN; AND, CAULDRON, BUBBLE": Three students of the Old Vic Theatre School wearing masks for their personations of the witches in "Macbeth." The Old Vic Theatre School is part of the organisation of the Old Vic Theatre Centre, which is under the general directorship of Michel Saint-Denis, C.B.E. It is sponsored by the Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic in association with the Arts Council. The number of students admitted to the various courses is strictly limited in order that instruction may be concentrated and personal contact established between instructors and students. The courses will be of two years duration and include acting and technical training. While students are training they will not be permitted to take part in the Old Vic Company's productions or in professional engagements of any kind. The Old Vic Theatre Centre will take over the Old Vic Theatre, in the Waterloo Road, when it can be repaired

STAR-CROSSED LOVERS: Nineteen-year-old Daphne Slater and twenty-six-year-old Laurence Payne as Romeo and Juliet. The play which opened this year's season at Stratford produced a great deal of criticism, largely to the effect that the Romeo and Juliet were not sufficiently experienced for their parts, and that the production concentrated too much on the settings and too little on the direction of the acting. It has always been a problem to find an actress sufficiently young to look like Juliet and sufficiently experienced to do justice to the part

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE LONDON FILM STUDIOS, SHEPPERTON: She talked with Diana Wynyard and Cecil Beaton. The Duchess of Kent watched filming in progress on the set of the new film which is being made from Oscar Wilde's play *An Ideal Husband*. The beautiful costumes for the film have been designed by photographer Cecil Beaton. Diana Wynyard plays the part of Lady Chiltern; the ideal husband will be Hugh Williams. Sir C. Aubrey Smith is to be Lord Caversham; Michael Wilding, Lord Goring; with Paulette Goddard in the leading rôle of Mrs. Cheveley

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

PRESENTING PHILADELPHIA'S STORY

A Biography of the Great Pennsylvanian City by Struthers Burt—Dr. Lewis Writes on Modern Miracles

TO William Penn, in 1681, the settling of a new territory in America was a "holy experiment," and so he described it in a prospectus published at that time. With more than a touch of poetry, he wrote of a land that was "six hundred miles nearer the sun than England"; a phrase that evidently had as much appeal in those days as in our own austere times. In Pennsylvania grew eventually the city of Philadelphia, still known, sometimes in good faith and sometimes ironically, as The City of Brotherly Love.

The American novelist, Mr. Struthers Burt, in PHILADELPHIA: HOLY EXPERIMENT (Rich and Cowan. 25s.), has written that city's biography, and with it, given the reader more historical background, and more local lore of both white pioneers and Indians than that title implies, since the whole state and its foundations come under review, and there are many excellent stories of early governors and local lights. Mr. Burt has his own wit, of a pawky, Philadelphian kind, and this gives his book a congenial atmosphere for readers over here. Understatement is an art in which we are supposed to be practised, but it would be difficult to surpass this extract, written about the early days of the settlement:

"If, however, the white man has been foolish in his dealings with the Indian, the Indian has been equally foolish in his reprisals. Nothing so annoys the white man as to be awakened at dawn by massacre."

Mr. Allan Michie's books of war-reporting are going to be particularly valuable in the future for the best of reasons. Here are no opinionated resumés of the great or the tragic or the heroic ventures of those six years, but the record, told as straightly as may be, of the same events, and, whenever possible, by people who themselves took part in them. Of course, in that reporting there is considerable art, and the paratrooper's or the commando's story "as told to Allan Michie" gains by being set down concisely and with the economy that a practised editor understands.

Mr. Michie's new book, the fourth in the series of first-person and action stories of the war, is HONOUR FOR ALL (Allen and Unwin. 9s. 6d.), and it is quite admirable. Buy it for your own shelves, and keep it. Like its predecessors, it is a "must." Incidentally, the illustrations, all from the British Official Photographs of the war, are dramatic, beautiful and often terrible. Judging by the close range at which they were taken, the photographers' own stories must have been of interest to this remarkable reporter.

In writing a Preliminary Study of MIRACLES (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.), Dr. C. S. Lewis has it as his intention to examine, not the historical inquiries into the actual occurrences of miracles, but the fairly recent, that is, the eighteenth and nineteenth-century assumption, that miracles cannot and do not occur. For Dr. Lewis, the Incarnation is the central and the only Christian miracle, apart from which the others have no significance.

His book, in all its implications, and in its scholarly scope, leads up to that point, and to a rebuttal of negative Christianity. "Where our fathers, peering into the future, saw gleams of gold, we see only the mist, white, featureless, cold and never moving."

I don't suggest that you should give any little boy of your acquaintance Professor A. M. Low's new book, but I do predict that little boys from about the ages of ten to seventy are going to fasten on to it whenever and wherever they see it. If they are very young, they will probably be satisfied with the photographs. There are twenty-four of these, and they are nearly all exciting. If they are older and can readily absorb the printed word, they will study every page of HOW SECRETS WORK (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), and end in a state of considerable trepidation with the atom-bomb chapter.

For these secrets are the kind that were known during the war as "Top," and each of them was concerned in some way with our winning of the war. There are Mulberry Harbours, and flame-throwing tanks; frogmen and Radar; Bailey bridges and floating airstrips, and all the magical inventions of Pluto with its conundrums, and Fido and Lily.

When Mr. John Fischer was in Moscow fairly recently on an U.N.R.R.A. mission, he and some of his colleagues visited the Kremlin, armed with all the necessary passes, in order to see a session of the Supreme Soviet, an exclusive affair of some twelve hundred Members. On their way in the American party and their credentials were scrutinised, in batches, by some twenty-six armed guards, and were then by no means in the inner recesses of the fortress. It seemed reasonable to Mr. Fischer to deduce that someone in the Kremlin was scared, and his new book—he is an American journalist—is dedicated to an examination of who these people are, and why they are scared.

THE SCARED MEN IN THE KREMLIN (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) has a penny-catching title, but is nevertheless a serious book; not notably profound, but measured, rational and as objective as anyone can be in writing about Russia. The author quotes the opinion that "there are no experts on Russia—only varying degrees of ignorance," and then proceeds to establish his own perfectly competent knowledge of the politics and economy of the state as it is at present. "Our own problem, so exasperating and so crucial, of learning how to get along with the Russians," cannot but be helped by the publication of this book, whatever our individual leanings.

THE SWORD BETWEEN (Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.) is a novel of sentiment, that is, of feeling and emotion, but not in the least of mawkishness. It is primarily the story of a marriage between two cultivated, sensitive and loving human beings, but since these two have children and many dependents and since, moreover, the man is an Italian aristocrat and the woman an American, and the period the past twenty years, there are far wider implications than a simple love-story.

What I think I liked best about this book was that it really does take shape as a *novel*. That may be the intention of many hundreds of contemporary writers, but it is not always the performance. A novel should have form and purpose and progression. In other words, it should have a beginning, a middle and an end, and very many novels, it must be said, haven't anything of the kind.

I don't propose to hail Miss Catherine Pomeroy Stewart's work as the novel of the decade, because it is nothing of the sort, but it certainly is worth noting as a well-constructed and sincerely felt story of some real integrity.

YESTA TILLEY WAS EIGHTY-THREE LAST WEEK: Lady de Frece, who as Vesta Tilley was known to every music-hall fan in Britain, enjoyed fame in the gay '90's, in the Edwardian era, and during the First World War, seen at her Piccadilly flat preparing for a birthday cocktail party. She married Sir Walter de Frece in 1890, and inherited his fortune when he died in 1935. Lady de Frece retired from the stage in 1920, after fifty-one years of being constantly before the public. One of the most popular of her songs was "The Army of To-day's All Right"

CATS ON PARNASSUS

Ruth Pitter's Slim Volume, and Other New Books Briefly Reviewed

Ruth Pitter is a poetess of distinction. Her work is deeply imaginative and much of it truly lyrical. Her latest effort ON CATS (Cresset Press. 6s.) is, however, in parts dangerously near being doggerel, and this slimmest of slim volumes, extending to a mere thirty-six pages, is lacking both in quality and quantity. Perhaps the best of these verses is "The Neuter Cat's Apotheosis," a ballad very much in the Masefield manner, but when some readers come to "The Safety Valve," it is possible that, despite its cleverness, they will feel inclined to let off steam. This poem, not without skill constructionally and exact in its portrayal of nauseating sentimentality, is a reflection upon the sort of baby talk which some doting owners lavish upon their cats. Here is a sample:

> "He is so pronkum, and his pitty nose
> Is finished in such darling shades of rose;
> His pads so tippity, his peepy face
> (Look, like a baby's, with his bit of lace)
> So yumsome, and that mimsy mouth of his
> So cupid that we must go kiss, kiss, kiss."

There is more of this "Pitter Patter" in the same vein, concluding with a paean in praise of the cat's "pretty sit-upon" and his "love-love-lovely eyes." This is precious stuff, and a precious little of it goes a long way. *Felis domesticus*, bestriding the narrow world of hearth and backyard, can be a notable bore.

Books by lawn-tennis stars are usually of doubtful value. They cannot teach us through the written word how to produce the strokes that win championships, and descriptions of the unending round of tournament play can be dull in the extreme. Miss Alice Marble, who won at Wimbledon in 1939, assuming the mantle of the two Helens, and who has since entered the professional ranks, has written a very different book, however, and many will find pleasure in THE ROAD TO WIMBLEDON (W. H. Allen. 8s. 6d.) her simple, direct account of early life in a pioneer town in remote Plumas County, California, and of her gradual emergence in the world of international lawn tennis. Miss Marble, with her marked powers of concentration, her astonishing speed about the court, and her powerful hitting, was nearing stardom in the '30's when, at the French Championships, she was suddenly struck down by illness, thought at the time to be tuberculosis. It appeared certain that her lawn-tennis career was over. The doctors told her so, and it seemed that the most she could hope for was a partial recovery and a life of invalidism. How Miss Marble fought to regain her health and, with the help of a few friends and in the face of much official hostility, successfully re-entered the arena, eventually sweeping all before her, is a fascinating story told charmingly, modestly and with delightful naïvety. This is a real-life drama, with no traditional villain, unless it be the U.S.L.T.A. (the United States Lawn Tennis Association), which certainly showed an astonishing lack of sympathy in the crisis of Miss Marble's career.

How do you like your mystery novels to begin?

Authors would appear to be sharply divided on the point, and the latest batch of escapist literature which has rolled from the Press exemplifies the two opposing schools of thought. Two of them stick to the weather as an opening gambit. "Hot sun glazed down on the highway," and "A leaden sky sagged between the elegantly curving buildings of Regent Street"; these approaches must surely lull the reader into a blissful somnolence from which he may awake with a start when things really begin to happen. Conyth Little, in THE BLACK STOCKING (The Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), and John Barrington, in THE MOVING FINGER (John Langdon. 6s. 6d.), use this cautious, traditionally English, markedly academic style. Others, however, favour the bizarre, the flamboyant and the dramatic, plunging at once into a welter of horror or introducing a startling irrelevancy to make the reader sit up and take notice. Samuel Holmes, in FADE INTO MURDER (John Langdon. 8s. 6d.), Laurence Meynell, in THE EVIL HOUR (Collins. 8s. 6d.), and Christopher Bush, in THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS CLIENT (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), all favour this more enterprising style. *The Evil Hour* is particularly good reading, and Mr. Meynell's thriller has wit, sophistication and romance to add spice and variety to a story of sustained suspense which starts with Gerald de Winton losing the key of his mews flat and moves to a grim and unexpected climax. *Fade Into Murder*, as the title suggests, has a film studio as the setting for crime. *The Case of the Curious Client* is another of Christopher Bush's stories of Ludovic Travers. Those who have read his last twenty-four books, starting with *The Case of the Unfortunate Village*, will not be disappointed by the twenty-fifth. Mr. Bush, who should undoubtedly be asked to contribute to the National Coal Board's new magazine, has found the secret of sustained output, and he certainly knows how to exploit the rich seams of life's seamy side.

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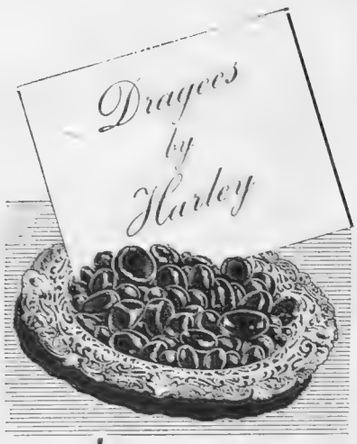

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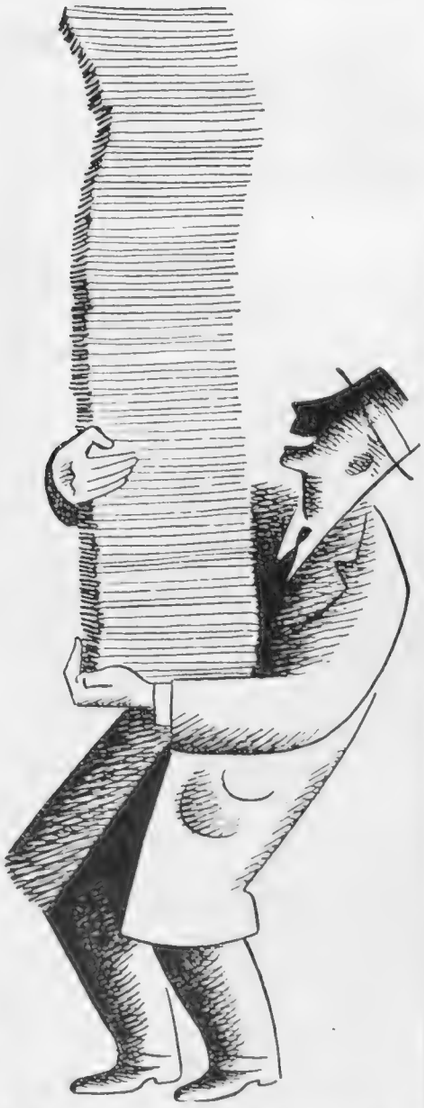

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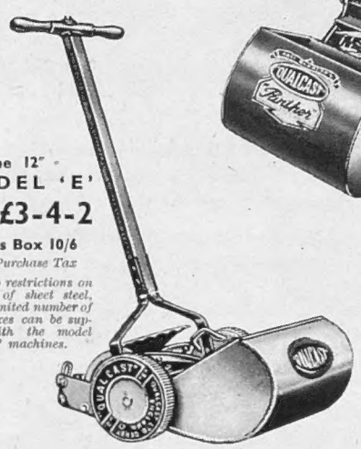

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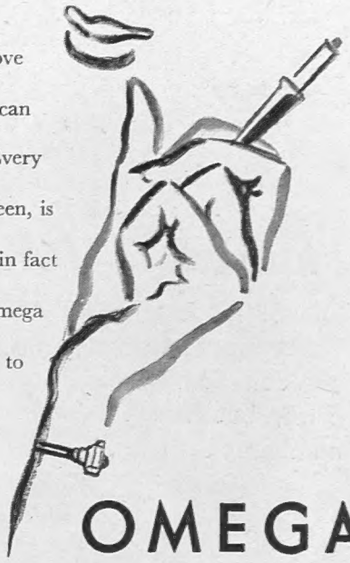

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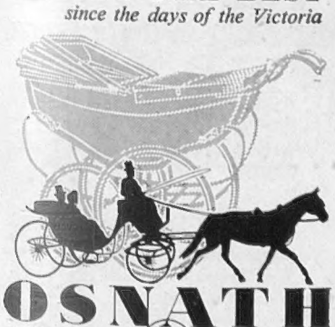

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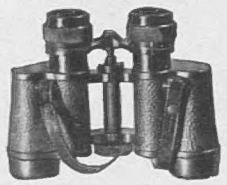

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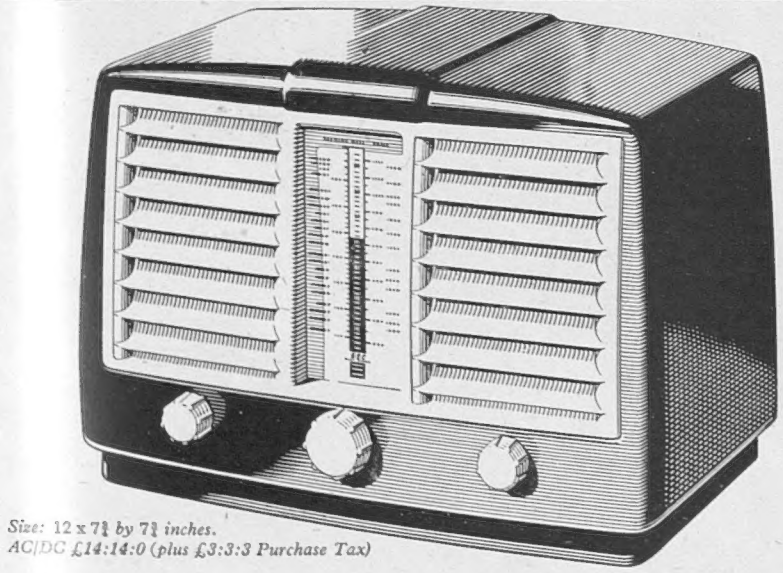

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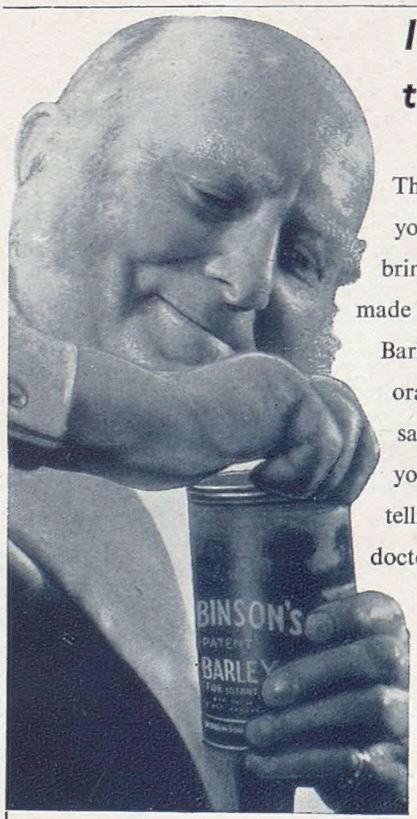

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